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THE BRITISH ULTIMATUM to Egypt would be a disgrace to any civilized nation. It is an act of force—of sheer, brute, bullying power. In tone and content it is like the Austrian ultimatum which precipitated the European War. This time there will be no general war, but that is not England's virtue, and the horror with which the world greeted the authors of the 1914 document should be turned upon Mr. Baldwin's Government in 1924. Compare the two documents:

AUSTRIA SAID TO SERBIA JULY 23, 1914:	ENGLAND SAID TO EGYPT NOVEMBER 24, 1924:
1. Suppress anti-Austrian publications.	1. Apologize.
2. Dissolve anti-Austrian secret societies.	2. Discover and punish the criminals.
3. Eliminate anti-Austrian propaganda from the public schools.	3. *"Henceforth forbid and vigorously suppress all popular political demonstrations."*
4. Remove army officers and civil officials guilty of anti-Austrian propaganda.	4. Pay England £500,000.
5. Accept Austrian collaboration in suppressing movement to break up Austria.	5. Within twenty-four hours order all Egyptian officers and army units out of the Sudan (hitherto ruled jointly by England and Egypt, in Egypt's name).
6. Punish those guilty of assassinating the archduke, letting Austrian officials participate in the investigation.	6. Allow increase of the Gezira irrigated area (hitherto limited to preserve Egypt's water supply) "to an unlimited figure."
7. Arrest two compromised individuals.	7. Withdraw all opposition to England's wishes "regarding protection of foreign interests in Egypt." a) Let England revise the regulations and pay for alien officials in Egypt. b) Retain the foreign advisers and accept British recommendations.
8. Stop the traffic in arms across the border.	8. Accept these demands within twenty-four hours.
9. Explain anti-Austrian statements made by Serbian officials since the crime.	
10. Accept these demands within forty-eight hours.	

IN FACT, THE BRITISH are more drastic than the Austrians. The British paragraph 7 is broad enough to include all the first six of Austria's 1914 demands. Austria sought to punish the assassins and to stop Serbian propaganda aimed at the break-up of the Dual Monarchy, and her demands were regarded as outrageous and extreme. England goes further. She seeks not only to stop anti-British activities; she wants money, and demands that Egypt suppress "all popular political demonstrations"—an unprecedented and impossible demand, and smashes the Sudan treaties which her own statesmen have executed, to which England's word is pledged. Egypt has paid five-sixths of the cost of administering the Sudan for the last quarter-century, and now England, acting in the interest of her cotton magnates, would boot Egypt out. The extension of the Gezira irrigation project is tucked in to facilitate the development of British cotton plantations in the Sudan. Here the hand of greed joins that of imperial brutality.

EGYPT ACCEPTED the demands for punishment, an apology, and an indemnity, but naturally refused to accept, as a Government, direct responsibility for the crime of an individual; she also declined to accept off-hand the demands to increase the irrigable area and to withdraw officers from the Sudan, declaring that this would violate her constitution. General Allenby, British High Commissioner, forthwith replied that the British Government would execute these by itself. The Egyptian Premier Zaghlul paid the indemnity but maintained his refusals, and resigned. British land, air, and naval units have been ordered to Egypt, and there, as we go to press, the matter rests. The next step is for the League of Nations. Article XI of its Covenant begins:

> Any war or threat of war, whether immediately affecting any of the members of the League or not, is hereby declared a matter of concern to the whole League, and the League shall take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations. . . . It is also declared the friendly right of each member of the League to bring to the attention of the Assembly or of the Council any circumstance whatever affecting international relations which threatens to disturb international peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends.

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If the League is worth its salt, some of its members—possibly Turkey or even the Irish Free State, which knew General Sir Lee Stack before he went to Egypt—will exercise that "friendly right."

SO SENATOR LA FOLLETTE may be deprived of his committee positions in the Senate as punishment for his heading a third ticket. Well, we hope he will be. Nothing else the Republicans could do would so increase Mr. La Follette's popularity or keep up the fighting spirit of his followers. It would greatly help to make the new permanent organization effective, just when such help will be most welcome. On the other hand, we are still of the opinion that Senator La Follette should voluntarily burn his bridges and cut all communications with the Republicans, even to the extent of seeking reelection in Wisconsin as a Progressive. It is time for the lines to be clearly drawn. Men and women must be either Progressives or something else. The reform cause will suffer if it is merely the temporary refuge of people who are ready to slip back into the old parties if one fray is unsuccessful. Only those who are willing to join in a long fight and to endure days of small things if necessary can help.

> Thanks to La Follette we've had a census of unrest in this country, and the group is composed of ne'er-do-wells, foreign populations we can never assimilate, and a large bunch of Americans educated at public expense to whom education is an acquisition but not a useful thing.

THIS IS the delightfully tactful statement made the other day by Richard F. Grant, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, in Cleveland, the American city which Senator La Follette had just carried by a comfortable majority. But Mr. Grant did not stop there. He went on to say this:

> We've had a lot of long-haired demagogues raging up and down the land with imaginary short-cuts to bliss. We even find these radicals creeping into our colleges. I know some of them in Yale and, as far as I'm concerned, I'm going to start taking the bird-seed out of them.

Yale and Cornell—for he included Cornell in his indictment—will please take notice. Any student or professor who refuses to think as Mr. Grant does must be trembling in his shoes and, in Mr. Grant's elegant phrase, preparing to yield up his "bird-seed" as well as his opinions. That is exactly the position we should expect the head of the United States Chamber of Commerce to take a day or two after business had won its greatest victory in our history. How could anyone believe that a man of this type would be intelligent enough to know that nothing would spread radicalism in the colleges as much as an attempt at its suppression by Mr. Grant's organization?

JUST NOW, WE ARE TOLD, the American business man rejoices that business is to be freed from governmental interference. He once more demands that business and politics be divorced, and he loudly cries amen when the newspapers report that Honest Cal will not have Congress meet in extra session. That sounds very well. But who is it that is the first to run to Congress for aid if things do not go well with him? Why, the business man. If he is a manufacturer whose business, whether badly or well managed, is not doing well, then to Congress he hies for a higher tariff. If he is a shipowner in danger from foreign competition, the first thing he thinks of is to run to Congress for a subsidy to help him operate his ships while reviling anyone who suggests that rather than have the government a minority partner it had better run the whole show. If he owns oil-wells in Mexico, why, the government must stay in business with him to protect his interests, whether Congress sits or not. And if it is a question of deepening waterways, or releasing water-power to private interests, or giving permission to cross rivers, or appropriating money to dredge rivers and harbors, then to Congress the nearest Chamber of Commerce flies. The simple truth is that nobody wants the government in business as much as the well-to-do business man—but he wants to be the final, yes, the only, arbiter as to how far politics shall go into business and just exactly what it shall do when it gets there.

EXCEPT WHEN A SMUTS falls or an unusually large diamond is found South Africa seldom calls attention to itself. Now the report of the 1921 census is beginning to worry South Africans. During the twenty years after 1871 the European population doubled itself. It doubled itself again in the next twenty years; but in the last ten years it has increased only 19 per cent, "a retardation of progression too significant to be ignored." The European increase has relied largely upon immigration, but the number of Europeans emigrating to South Africa has dropped off. The report says that,

> **assuming on the one hand on the terms most favorable for the European population not only a natural increase, but a progressive increase by immigration in addition to natural increase, . . . and assuming for the non-European population the most unfavorable conditions such as a serious retardation of natural increase similar to the recent influenza epidemic, in fifty years a population of 6,500,000 Europeans will live side by side with a population of 16,500,000 non-Europeans.**

The rapidly increasing number of natives will find their lives and national aspirations more and more hindered by the presence of a European dominant race. If the European is not willing to abandon South Africa or accept a secondary position, the report asks, how can the circumstances be controlled and the tendencies of the past fifty years be directed into different channels?

THE GHASTLINESS of a system by which in supposedly civilized countries men still take the lives of their fellow-creatures in the name of justice is again illustrated in an account of the execution of four bandits in Montreal. We quote from the Glens Falls *Times:*

> Dawn had not broken. There were just enough lights about the scaffold to permit the executioners to see.
>
> The executioners were nervous. In binding Gambino one bumped into another. It broke the tensity of his nerves and made him cry out in a voice audible outside in the courtyard:
>
> "Go easy! Go easy!" . . .
>
> A tall, powerful policeman suddenly gasped:
>
> "I can't stand it. My heart!"
>
> He averted his gaze, leaned against a wall, and sobbed.
>
> He turned just as the bodies plunged, sobbed anew, and then prayed.
>
> As the bodies of Serafini and Frank dangled at the end of the rope a church bell tolled five. A moment later the chimes sounded. The work was done. The party that had been compelled to kill four of their fellow-men nearly fled from the chamber into the misty courtyard.

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If the community at large, in its indifference, still allows this survival of savagery to continue it ought at least to consider the feelings of the officials who have to carry out its ghoulish work. In commenting lately on an attempt at suicide by an English hangman—depressed at the thought of his life's work—we suggested that the job be filled, like jury duty, by lot. But better, of course, is for enlightened people to demand the end of judicial murder.

LONDON DOES NOT readily abandon an enterprise to which she has set her hand, but she has just had to confess herself beaten. She has given up the attempt, on which a committee of her County Council has been occupied off and on for ten years, to find a suitable motto for herself. In vain have the geniuses who win prizes for proposing the best name for a new breakfast food or a new paper striven to help her out of the difficulty. Many hundreds of mottoes have been sent in—some hortatory, some declamatory, some religious, and some humorous—but not one of them satisfies the committee. Perhaps, as the London *Times* suggests, the trouble is that the English metropolis has acquired so many divergent meanings in the minds of British subjects that any attempt to summarize them would exclude more than it embraced. Puddlecombe-by-the-sea means, one imagines, very much the same thing to all its inhabitants, but the London of Lord Curzon can scarcely be the same place as the London of George Lansbury, nor does Pett Ridge love it for the reasons that inspire the affection of Dean Inge.

IS AEOLUS to be enshrined again as a major god? Are the winds of heaven, after years of neglect, to become once more an important source of motive power? Certainly no invention of recent times is more captivating to the imagination than the windship of the German, Anton Flettner—if it measures up to the claims made for it. Wind was once one of the world's great reservoirs of power. Windmills did universal service and sailing ships carried the world's commerce. The windship—if it should succeed—would bring back those days, with modifications. The windship is propelled not by sails but by two masts upon which turrets revolve. They are said to produce about fifteen times as much power as would be obtainable from sails and to permit the ship to go in any direction; they produce a speed equal to that of a steam-driven cargo vessel. Such a ship would, of course, save not only in fuel but in a reduction in the size of the crew, the saving amounting to from 50 to 80 per cent over the steamship. A wonderful vista, if true—and maybe it is! Nor would the invention be limited to ships. The windmill—now used chiefly on prairie farms or to attract American visitors to Holland—would also come back to glory.

BUT EVEN IF THE WINDSHIP be only a dream, another development is actually taking place which, if less spectacular, is almost as revolutionary. The windship is a possibility of the future, but the motorship is a reality which is already transforming ocean commerce. The substitution of the Diesel internal-combustion engine, by which the power of oil fuel is applied directly to a ship's propeller shaft—similar to the propulsion of an automobile—is reducing the cost of ocean transportation by 10 to 30 per cent, writes E. S. Gregg, chief of the transportation division of the Department of Commerce, in the *Nautical Gazette*. Speaking of the exporter, Mr. Gregg says:

> He has been conscious only of the severity of competition abroad and the high expenses at home. He has even been inclined to say that high ocean and freight rates are keeping him out of desirable markets when, as a matter of fact, the decline in ocean rates has been greater than the decline in prices. . . . The most recent development in motorship construction is in the field of the large passenger ship. Heretofore only cargo boats and small passenger-cargo ships have been equipped with Diesel engines; but in the past year two passenger ships, averaging around 20,000 gross tons each, have been ordered and are now nearly completed.

We are glad to add that in regard to the motorship the United States Shipping Board is abreast, if not ahead, of the times. The last session of Congress appropriated $25,000,000 to convert fifty of the government's better steamships to motorships, and contracts have already been let for work on eighteen vessels.

WHAT, WE WONDER, would be the state of literary taste if our reading of imaginative literature were confined to the works published during the current year? Such a condition of affairs is too absurd to be imagined and yet the situation in the theater is exactly parallel, since revivals, except for an occasional revivification of Shakespeare, are almost unknown. Elsewhere in this issue we comment upon a performance of Congreve's "The Way of the World," but that bold effort merely stimulates our desire to see other famous works of both the near and distant past live again in the theater. A certain rather vulgar insistence upon sumptuous productions (in which the public has been encouraged by wealthy producers) stands in the way of unpretentious revivals, but if this same public could come to realize how even a very mediocre production on the stage brings out dramatic values unguessed in the library it would demand at least modest revivals and support a theater devoted to them.

GUS KARGER, the veteran Washington correspondent, whose death occurred on November 16, was a really remarkable figure in the newspaper world of the capital, particularly because of his intimacy with William H. Taft. Of humble German and Jewish origin, he worked himself up by sheer merit, by frankness and trustworthiness, by reason of his penetrating political judgments and shrewd common sense. It was currently reported in Washington that Mr. Taft as President rarely took any action without consulting Mr. Karger, who had copies of all important documents and letters of the Taft Administration in the expectation that he would some day be the official Taft biographer. That Mr. Karger was an intense partisan goes without saying, for he was the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, owned by Charles P. Taft, one of the most hide-bound, narrow, and intemperate Republican journals in the country—so much of a back number that it would not print Senator La Follette's Cincinnati speech. It is, in other words, a kind of antiquated partisan survival whose disappearance would be a public benefit. But to Gus Karger it gave a fairly free hand, and within the limits of his and its Republicanism he expressed himself as he would. Everybody in public life and in his profession liked him and respected him, even where there were sharp political disagreements.

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Child Labor Must End!

A FEW years ago the people of this country were so convinced of the elementary necessity to give Congress the right to make laws for the protection of children in States which neglect or refuse to protect them that the child-labor amendment seemed certain of passage. President Wilson, President Harding, and Mr. Coolidge had all declared for it. Now Massachusetts has voted against the child-labor amendment, and the forces of reaction have taken new heart.

The American people has three times expressed its determination to stop the slavery of children in the mills. In September, 1916, Congress passed a bill prohibiting interstate commerce in the products of child labor. In June, 1918, the Supreme Court ruled that the bill was unconstitutional, holding that it was not in fact bona fide regulation of interstate commerce. In February, 1919, Congress passed a new bill imposing a 10-per-cent tax on the products of child labor. In May, 1922, the Supreme Court ruled this act, too, unconstitutional. It was plain then that if child labor was to be regulated by the federal government there would have to be a constitutional amendment. Congress adopted such an amendment last spring; to become effective it requires ratification by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States. Arkansas has approved it; Louisiana, Georgia, and North Carolina, as was expected, have rejected it; and the people of Massachusetts, in a referendum distinguished by misrepresentation, ignorance, and deceit, have also voted against it. In January, 1925, thirty-six State legislatures will assemble, and the battle will be on. It will have to be won a fourth time, and it will be. No defeat of such a measure is final, but every victory endures; a State legislature may reconsider a negative decision but not an affirmative—such is the provision of the Constitution.

This federal amendment is, in the nature of things, permissive only. The Constitution is not the place for statutory legislation—it is the place to define powers. What the federal amendment would do is to transfer to the national Congress powers which are not held by the State legislatures: "The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age." Today every State in the Union has that power, but those whose memories reach back through the years of pioneer effort to take the children out of the mills know how heartlessly the State legislatures have failed to use their authority. Some States have excellent child-labor laws; some have wretched laws, and those ill enforced.

When this amendment is ratified—as sooner or later it will be—we may expect federal legislation akin to that killed by the Supreme Court's veto. The federal laws passed in 1916 and 1919 sought to prohibit in mills, factories, and workshops labor of children under 14, and to regulate—by establishing an eight-hour day and a six-day week—the labor of children under 16. They also sought to keep children under 16 out of the dangerous quarries and coal mines. The National Child Labor Committee, which focuses the national campaign to stop child labor, also proposes to include tenement sweatshops in the general prohibition, and to extend the prohibition for work in industries dangerous to life, health, or morals to the age of 18. No attempt has ever been made to prohibit child labor on the farms; the suggestion of such legislation is a bogy invented by the defenders of child labor to frighten the farmers into opposition to the amendment.

Child labor and illiteracy of course go hand in hand. All the leading countries of the world except the United States have, by passing national child-labor laws requiring children to go to school up to certain ages, reduced the number of their illiterate citizens. We talk of our enlightenment, but our illiteracy rate is four times that of England or Germany. According to the census of 1920 1,060,783 children under 15 were at work in the United States, and 1,437,783 children between 7 and 13 were not in school. These unprotected children in States which have weak child-labor laws or which do not enforce the laws on their statute-books have a right to look to the national government to protect them.

In Massachusetts the Associated Industries, affiliated with the National Association of Manufacturers, early transmuted itself into the "Citizens Committee to Protect Our Homes and Children." One might suppose an association so named a branch of the National Child Labor Committee. It was not; it was a part of an association which masked greed for profits won out of children's labor under the fair name of the American home, and deliberately set out to deceive the people of Massachusetts. It suggested that the campaign to stop child labor, waged so earnestly in the United States these last decades, was an invention of Soviet Russia! It quoted or misquoted—we have not verified its quotations—from extreme Russian communists who propose to take children out of the home, and declared that these quotations represented the program of the heroic group which has been struggling to save American children from the mills. A letter sent out by Charles R. Gow, general manager of the Hood Rubber Company and chairman of the finance committee of this Massachusetts "committee to protect homes and children," quoted a statement attributed to Zinoviev's wife, that "We must remove the children from the pernicious influence of the family. We must . . . nationalize them," and continued:

> The avowed purpose of the proposed Twentieth Amendment to the Constitution is stated above in the exact language of the chief of the forces who conceived, drafted, and lobbied that measure through Congress under the American leadership of Mrs. Florence Kelley, formerly Wischnewetsky.

Falsehood could hardly go further. Neither Zinoviev's wife nor any other Communist had anything whatever to do with the campaign for a federal amendment to stop child labor in the United States. Florence Kelley, a present-day saint if there be such a thing, is a daughter of a former congressman, also named Kelley, from Pennsylvania. Her mother's maiden name was Bonsall. She is American to the core; one of her sons was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury during the war. Mrs. Kelley did work for the federal amendment—she has given twenty-five years of her life, as secretary of the National Consumers League, to campaigns in behalf of working children and women in the United States; that is the only truth in Mr. Gow's letter. By such lies—we use the word deliberately—Massachusetts was induced to vote against the child-labor amendment. The rest of the United States will, we hope, show more intelligence. It will have its chance in January when the legislatures meet.

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Plunkitt's Way

GEORGE WASHINGTON PLUNKITT was one of the wisest men in American politics and by a stroke of genius on the part of a good newspaperman, William L. Riordan of the New York *Evening Post*, much of his wisdom was packed into a single small book called "Plunkitt of Tammany Hall." Unfortunately, that book is out of print and rare; but now that Plunkitt is dead it should be republished in large editions and handed to every student of politics, to every organizer of new parties and movements, to every first voter. For in this small book of political sermons, Plunkitt of Tammany Hall, leader of the Fifteenth Assembly District, practical politician and political philosopher, tells all that needs to be told about American government.

He tells why reformers have been only morning glories that "looked lovely in the mornin' and withered up in a short time, while the regular machines went on flourishin' forever like fine old oaks"—a chapter full of post-election thoughts for progressives. He told of the dangers of dress suits and high-priced cars in politics almost twenty years before the defeat of Ramsay MacDonald in England. He explained the difference between honest and dishonest graft in terms so ingenious and yet so simple that Harry Daugherty might have learned a straighter or at least a safer road to wealth and power had he read them; there are no little black bags in the philosophy of George Washington Plunkitt.

He even tells how the Democratic Party can survive. His advice was given in 1905 and in detail may be considered obsolete; but the thought behind it is as good as new and may be applied to 1928 as aptly as to 1908.

> The trouble is [he said] that the party's been chasin' after theories and stayin' up nights readin' books instead of studyin' human nature. . . . You can't get people excited about the Philippines. They've got too much at home to interest them; they're too busy makin' a livin' to bother about the niggers in the Pacific. . . . There's just one issue that would set this country on fire. The Democratic Party should say in the first plank of its platform: "We hereby declare, in national convention assembled, that the paramount issue now, always, and forever is the abolition of the iniquitous and villainous civil-service laws which are destroyin' all patriotism, ruinin' the country, and takin' away good jobs from them that earn them. We pledge ourselves, if our ticket is elected, to repeal those laws at once and put every civil-service reformer in jail." . . .
>
> I see a vision. I see the civil-service monster lyin' flat on the ground. I see the Democratic Party standin' over it with foot on its neck and wearin' the crown of victory. I see Thomas Jefferson lookin' out from a cloud and sayin': "Give him another sockdolager; finish him." And I see millions of men wavin' their hats and singin' "Glory Hallelujah."

Forms change but the fundamental issue remains: enough jobs and enough money to go round. The party that can actually deliver a full dinner pail or the party that promises it convincingly gets the votes. Honesty doesn't matter; efficiency doesn't matter; progressive vision doesn't matter. What matters is the chance of a better job, a better price for wheat, better business conditions. The same issue holds in national elections and in ward politics. General principles, as Mr. Plunkitt says, are all right to work into the platform but they are always going to be side issues.

Reformers who doubt this are bound to be defeated and disillusioned. They must learn somehow to apply the human knowledge that Tammany Hall and George Washington Plunkitt have used for their own ends to the pressing job of salvaging a derelict civilization. They must learn in the first place that politics is a full-time job just like any other business, not a gentlemanly avocation outside of office hours. They must learn that it is a profession requiring training and technique—not merely virtue or indignation. They must learn that it means getting into close, helpful, daily touch with thousands of individuals. "If there's a family in my district in want," said Plunkitt, "I know it before the charitable societies do, and me and my men are first on the ground. The consequences are that the poor look up to George W. Plunkitt as a father, come to him in trouble—and don't forget him on election day." Reformers could learn many a lesson by studying "Plunkitt of Tammany Hall."

Plunkitt worked for himself and for his friends and for his organization. The rest of the people, let us assume, were mulcted by his activities. But they didn't feel it and didn't know it—until he told them. And then they didn't care, because they could understand a cheerful and honest grafter who made no pretense of virtue but did practical good right and left every day in the week, better than they could a seventh-day reformer who talked of the public welfare and did nothing tangible for anybody.

Plunkitt is dead, but the system he believed in and grew rich by is certainly still a fine old oak. If it is to be hewed down, if the system of private patronage is to be changed to one of honesty and a fair deal all round it will only be by Plunkitt's own method—"You must study human nature and act accordin'."

The Indispensable Century

THERE are signs that the eighteenth century is about to be discovered again. "The Beggars' Opera" has been revived with remarkable success, and in the wake of that success, or perhaps only contemporaneously with it, dozens of literary persons have returned from excursions into the world of Queen Anne or the first three Georges with the information that it is a world of ineffable charm. Anthologies almost by the dozen have been made of fugitive eighteenth-century verse. One of them is entitled "Byways Round Helicon," and the compiler has picked his posies with exactly the same beguiling devotion that was expended a generation or two ago upon the minor versifiers of the seventeenth century. Another selection has the even more significant title of "Rogues in Porcelain." There we have the note of naughtiness thought just now to be essential in the new-found century, combined with the note of artificiality which, to be sure, professors of literature have long been in the habit of saying was there. Certain other manifestations of the rage are more impressive. David Garnett in England has produced two admirable if fantastic short novels which are hailed as being in the manner of Defoe, and Elinor Wylie in America dresses up a later period in something brilliant which she calls a "sedate extravaganza." But all of the manifestations thus far have been manifestations of interest in comparatively trivial aspects of the century.

No genuine admirer of the century can resent this for a moment. Triviality was something like an art in those

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days, and the admirer will not be inclined to forget his Gay, his Horace Walpole of Strawberry Hill, his Journal to Stella, his Twickenham grotto, his Rape of the Lock, his Sterne, his letter-writing Cowper, his wigs and patches, and his numberless anecdotes of poodles and pet hares. When eighteenth-century poetry dealt with little things, as it often did, the purpose was not to dignify these little things and prove that after all they were indexes to the great mysteries—that suspicious function was reserved for the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—but to set them forth in the exact quality of their littleness and so see how precious or amusing they intrinsically were. Greatness has a way of going out of fashion, and it was far from being the fashion for Pope when he wrote an epic about a young lady who lost a lock of her hair, for Gray when he wrote an Ode on the Death of a Favorite Cat, for Goldsmith when he wrote an Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog, or for Cowper when he composed a poem On a Goldfinch Starved to Death in His Cage. The eighteenth century cannot be other than charming to one who is intimate with it, and too much cannot be done today in the way of discovering its charm.

Yet the intimate and the admirer in question will just a little resent that word "discovery." How, he will ask, can anything be discovered which is already here? For the eighteenth century is one of the inescapable things, not merely in the sense of being so close behind us that if we turn we stumble upon it, but in the more important sense of being an ineradicable part of ourselves. Leave institutions out of account—republicanism in government, philanthropy in social science, propriety in manners—and take only literature. There is the matter of language to begin with, and prose style. We learned to write in the eighteenth century, when journalism came into its own. Dryden, Swift, Addison, Steele, Defoe, Fielding, and Dr. Johnson invented and fixed a syntax which we shall not abandon soon. To be sure they are our "classical writers," and at their most official moments they are somewhat heavier than we like to be; yet catch them at their average, or when they were having a really good time with literature, and they can get over the ground as swiftly and as smartly as the proudest modern. We speak their language; we are theirs.

Then how can it be said that we have discovered a century which left us among other books "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels," books whose vogue has been uninterrupted since their first great days and which now we can hardly escape reading twice, once in children's editions and once when we are grown and are curious to see what more is there than meets the juvenile eye? They are built into our minds as few books are. So, within necessarily narrower limits, is "Tom Jones"; so in general is the eighteenth-century novel. Dickens, undoubtedly the most popular novelist of the century which followed, was brought up in his father's house on Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, and Sterne; Thackeray frankly went to school to Fielding. Modern fiction through these two has caught the full stream of the eighteenth-century mind, as modern life has inherited eighteenth-century institutions, and as modern prose has inherited eighteenth-century style. All of which is not to say that "The Beggars' Opera" should never have seemed a fetching discovery, but to say that no mysterious continent behind that bright headland cries out for recognition.

Senator Borah's Opportunity

THE most important result of Senator Lodge's death is that Senator William E. Borah becomes chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. There is no more strategic position for him to occupy, and there is certainly no abler man in the Senate to fill the place. Not unnaturally all who are interested in the relations of this country to the European situation are busily at work speculating as to what the change will mean. So far as the League of Nations is concerned there will be none. Senator Borah remains as opposed to our entrance into it as was Senator Lodge. But unlike the latter, Senator Borah is definitely committed to a number of proposals that are constructive, in which he should have the widest possible support. He is in deadly earnest in his advocacy of the policy of outlawing war and in demanding that the United States shall take the lead in calling an economic and a disarmament conference for the settlement of the European situation. He is, moreover, devoted to the movement to bring about recognition of Russia, and it is well known that he looks with disfavor upon American conquests in the Caribbean and the governing of little countries by means of our marines. As for the World Court, Senator Borah is, we understand, of the opinion that the United States should not enter it without specific reservations despite the fact that most people agree that as at present constituted the World Court can and will accomplish very little.

Obviously Mr. Borah is in a position to accomplish a great deal and powerfully to affect the foreign policy of the United States. On the Russian question at least there should be a battle royal between the Senator and Secretary Hughes, if the latter should remain in office—which heaven forfend. But, England and France having recognized Russia, Senator Borah has stronger cards in his hand than ever before—he has even the threat of continuing his investigation of our Government's Russian policy to play with. If the British continue to trade with the Soviet it will be hard to convince our business men that we should not.

As for the European situation, England has definitely postponed early consideration of the protocol for disarmament and peace. France is falling in line, and the Belgian proposal that the discredited three-Power alliance of France, England, and Belgium be revived is proof positive that M. Hymans and other Belgian leaders place little faith in the League or its proposals. But that, as Senator Borah is quoted as saying, merely gives additional opportunity to President Coolidge to call the international conference he has at least twice declared that he wishes to summon. Our Government has lost opportunity after opportunity to take the lead abroad; it has alternately pretended to have nothing to do officially with the Dawes settlement and then sought to take all the credit for it. Now is the chance to make the European nations once for all declare whether they are for peace or for the destruction of the world in the next great war. Senator Borah, to whom President Coolidge has made a number of advances—he tried to have him nominated as Vice-President and has repeatedly consulted him—is in a most fortunate position now to make his views felt and to demand that this Government lead toward the outlawry of war for which the whole world longs. We do not doubt that he will rise to the opportunity to serve well his country and the world.

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The Politicians Betray the Farmer

By GERTRUDE MATHEWS SHELBY

THE mortgage on the old farm, in billion-dollar bulk, has become national drama. Three hundred thousand farmers own twelve great district land banks of the billion-dollar Farm Loan System. They subscribed forty-five millions of capital stock, but have been deprived of their right, guaranteed by the Farm Loan Act, to manage and operate their property.

Why? Partly because the system offers to politicians the greatest patronage outside of the civil service, coupled with the ability to lend 200 to 300 millions a year, and partly because of a bureaucrat at the head of the Federal Farm Loan Board. But most important, a fundamental new power was given to our people by the Farm Loan Act, a power financiers greatly feared, whereby agriculture could create and control its own credit pool. If agriculture made a success of the exercise of that right, other workers could justly demand it. The concentration of money might be menaced.

Naturally a dramatic struggle is on. Sidelights of it appeared in a little-noticed investigation of Congress last session, and a new and more searching inquiry will possibly be demanded this winter. How the Federal Farm Loan Board did business was shown by indisputable testimony that the board had kept no books on transactions of 881 millions.

"It recently took the Treasury Department, employing ten accountants and working double shifts, from March 12 to about May 1, or nearly seven weeks, to compile a mere statement of receipts and expenditures from the Farm Board records," said Senator Howell to his colleagues. "Moreover, the accountant in charge of this work testified that he would have been unable to make up the statement from the records afforded him without the aid of the memories of several of the employees of the board."

It was charged also that the board had removed $43,000 from the Treasury without authority, disbursing it without vouchers or receipts upon checks signed only by the Farm Loan Commissioner, first Charles E. Lobdell, later R. A. Cooper. Upon this, too, no books were kept.

What was done with the money? Items disallowed by the Comptroller General were paid from it. Traveling expenses and extra salaries were paid. Presents were made to employees. Lobdell, who had become the beneficiary of a salary of $25,000 not authorized by the act, plus $15,000 more for expenses, had received his monthly stipend from this account, unknown to the Comptroller General. Senator Edwards has declared that "accounts were juggled." Nepotism of the worst sort existed. Lobdell employed two sons, another relative, an old friend, his wife's former dressmaker (as statistician of the board), and as secretary his wife's former dressmaker's nephew.

Senator Howell made six serious charges on the floor of Congress, including "misappropriation of funds," and put in a resolution of investigation, still pending.

That is one reason why the Progressive platform carried a plank demanding reconstruction of the Farm Loan System and indorsing cooperative banking. That is why also certain conservative Democratic and Republican congressmen have put in bills to accomplish the same end.

There is nothing really more human than the aspiration and pain represented by mortgages. They tell the tale of the struggle of men for homes, for land. From the era of the covered wagon till now men have had to depend on funds obtained on security of their land to start or to stock farms, to carry on through bad crops or general depression. Little farmers, wanting small loans, always suffered most from the mortgage sharks. They got the worst terms. They constitute the bulk of the pitiful flood of bankrupt farmers today, a scandalous reflection on both our land and credit policies.

The Farm Loan Act was our first federal law to encourage banks of the people for use, not profit. Providing a workable method for securing large funds at low cost by issuing bonds against the farm lands on which loans were made, it granted farmers the right to make themselves independent of existing financial pools. Congress advanced nine millions to start twelve land banks. This is now practically all repaid out of earnings. Farmers who borrowed were required to purchase stock to 5 per cent of the amount of their loans. Furnishing the capital, they were endowed with the right to control the management of all twelve land banks, electing the majority of directors. This they have never been permitted to do. In these land-bank boards was vested power to issue and to sell, in whatever manner they saw fit, together or separately, tax-exempt bonds.

Selling the bonds is the key-power of the system. That is the crux of the present complicated drama. The Federal Farm Loan Board usurped that power, and gave the bond sale over exclusively into the hands of the very group whose interest it was to keep financial power centralized. A syndicate of six bond houses has had this lucrative business. It is composed of Brown Brothers, Harris Forbes and Company, Lee Higginson and Company, the National City Company, the Guaranty Trust Company, and Alexander Brown and Sons of Baltimore. The amount and time of farm-loan bonds issued have practically been determined by counsel with their agents. That, of course, offers practical if not direct control over how much money agriculture shall receive through this channel. Instead of allowing farmers to decentralize credit, the Federal Farm Loan Board, usurping powers in the last analysis belonging to stockholders, hog-tied them to the same financiers from whom they were to escape if they chose.

A word about the structure of this system. The act provided that ten or more farmers who wanted loans should organize cooperatively a national farm-loan association ("national" only in that there would be others all over the land). There are now 4,500 of these purely local groups. Certain of them have done a million-dollar business each. When such an association received its charter, government appraisers visited the land, recommending to the land bank allowance or rejection of loans. Farmers who got loans took stock in the land bank of their district; for example, Spokane, or Springfield (Massachusetts), or New Orleans. The associations had to indorse every loan, enhancing the security behind the bonds. All associations are liable to

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twice the value of their stock ($90,000,000) for losses of their own land bank, and each bank is liable for the losses of every other.

A huge chain. Although called the Federal Farm Loan System, it never was federal. It is the farmers' own, but the Federal Farm Loan Board has given them scant encouragement to think so. Within a year after the system was started in 1917 the farmers had met all requirements to take over management of the banks. But no elections were called. The Federal Farm Loan Board, announcing itself in its first report as opposed to control of banks by borrowers—although the first premise of the act the board was intrusted to administer was that stockholders who were also borrowers should operate these land banks—proceeded to override the law and to usurp vital functions. To prevent farmers from demanding control, using the plausible excuse that they took the action to protect bond buyers and also to promote the sale of Liberty bonds then being issued, the board secured an amendment deferring elections.

No explanation was vouchsafed. Farmers did not know what had happened to them until several years later. No elections being held, stockholders protested. Some of them tried to organize to protect themselves. Two attorneys general refused to allow them to use even $10 a year of association funds to support a federation.

In 1923 the Federal Farm Loan Board wrote and obtained from Congress a revision and emasculation of the original act by means of the Strong bill. Its provisions were a betrayal of public trust, stultifying the purposes of the original act, legalizing the usurpation of power by the board, and banishing the hope of the farmer-stockholders to regain control of their property.

Without being considered by the Senate at all it became law. In the disgraceful last-minute legislative jam its sponsors slipped the bill into the composite Intermediate Credits Act, between two measures the Senate had separately passed. Without discussion, without a reading of the bill or the conference report, it became law. According to Senator Fletcher it confiscates the farmers' rights to control their own property. It reduced farmers' elected representation on each land-bank board to a minority. Thus uninterrupted continuation of the bond-selling policy was made probable, for the old land-bank boards were perpetuated in power. This new legislation destroys the promise of decentralization of land credit; it should be repealed.

Not until the first elections held in seven years occurred could the stockholders fairly measure the seriousness of what had happened. They then discovered that they had been deprived of their last chance to affect policy, improve service, eradicate politics, reduce their own interest rate—now higher than that offered by private companies—or secure the return of several millions of undivided profits held up from year to year. They found the entire system in the hands of politicians with not a cent at stake.

If salaries had not been raised throughout the land banks, and Lobdell had not overreached himself grabbing for salary and place, the stockholders' protests might have availed them nothing. But certain Senators became curious, and finding facts impossible to ascertain put several resolutions through the Senate which forced continued hearings before the Banking and Currency Committee.

The new legislation put the entire expenses of the Federal Farm Loan Board, a bureau of the Treasury, on the farmers' backs—an unprecedented arrangement; national and federal reserve banks do not pay the cost of their bureaus. Two new $10,000 memberships were added to the board. Senator Borah objected to this, charging the two places had been added as a matter of "political exigency." The board, although on record that it was large enough already to take care of the work, now declared the new members necessary. Farmers reported unfair practices and poor service; they demanded control of their own banks. Yet the Senate committee refused Senator Howell's request to call certain witnesses or go into the matter further. The appointees were confirmed.

"Case of places being more important than principles," commented Senator Norris.

Places! "The system has become a political annex and pie-counter," wrote a stockholder.

The political phase of these dull-sounding agricultural banks now threatens if it does not already affect every voter. Remember that this system which now lends 200 to 300 millions a year is wholly in the hands of 1,600 office-holders. These 1,600 places constitute a patronage naturally clamored for by politicians. Then suppose congressmen become greedy to secure the largest share of loans for their districts. If loyal henchmen or relatives are appointed as officers of the bank or as appraisers, discrimination among loans applied for is easy. Associations, even States, complain that they can't get applications approved. Concentration of loans in others is reported.

Consider another phase. Appraisers number 750. Having to pass no civil-service examination, and being politically appointed, their qualifications are often most dubious. In each district sixty to seventy go constantly, at the farmers' expense, from place to place. What an ideal electioneering force!

The net improvement in the situation as a result of the hearings forced last session was: A large amount of information was obtained; accretions to the irregular account in the Franklin National Bank were stopped by the Secretary of the Treasury and at least a partial refund was demanded; the fiscal agent began to keep books.

For the future these are the main demands: Stockholders want control of their own property and freedom to decentralize credit. They believe preferential or exclusive contracts should be refused to any bond-selling agency. They desire a broadened market for bonds, lower interest, and returns of surplus. They ask that the right of farm-loan associations to support a federation out of their own funds be recognized. They demand production by the Federal Farm Loan Board of public information now systematically withheld even from stockholders. They hope for eradication of political abuses by putting the system under civil service.

If the Federal Government is honorably to make good its promise to agriculture of independence through a co-operative-credit system, these issues must be met. This kind of credit presents genuine advantages over the old system where the poorest farmers were the victims of usurious loan rates. It is especially built to serve all sections, not the "best territory," like private joint-stock banks. Ultimately, by "loans at cost and loans that never come due" (repaid in regular instalments), the farmers will *get out of debt*. With eleven billions of mortgage indebtedness bearing down on agriculture, that's a social question. To protect and perfect the Farm Loan System is a necessity if it were not plain justice.

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Calles—The Teacher and Statesman

By HOWARD A. LAMB

WHEN I first met Calles in the crude little border village of Agua Prieta I was surprised as well as puzzled to find a man in a Mexican colonel's uniform talking like a Rand School professor. There was none of the military claptrap about him, he granted interviews to newspaper reporters in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a cigarette, but as a soldier he seemed to be wholly effective. I saw him under siege at Naco, Sonora, feeding apples imported from this country to his ragged mob of soldiers to cure them of scurvy, and finally triumphing over the fat and drink-loving governor, Maytorena, who, in league with Villa, had turned against the Carranza government with the Yaqui Indians enlisted in his support.

Then I saw Calles, a general now, beat off the indomitable Villa at Agua Prieta and later march into the Sonora mountains to subdue the rebellious Yaquis. But it was not primarily as a soldier, brilliant as his friends regard him in that capacity, that Calles shone. On the field of slaughter that glorified bandit, Pancho Villa, had more genius, so far as I could judge, than Calles and Obregon combined. At a time of strained relations on the international border, when liquor was inciting disturbances that might have brought on intervention by the United States, I saw Calles, as military governor, issue the famous decree making liquor-trafficking in Sonora punishable by death. No bootlegger was ever stood up against an adobe wall, but Sonora became tolerably dry until a legislature was elected and restored the old conditions.

The American border was still aflame when Calles demonstrated his ability as a man of action. Three or four Mexicans crossed the international line into Arizona and committed a robbery that aroused the American population. In a few days, assisted by American peace officers, Calles had the guilty men in jail in Agua Prieta. In still less time they were tried, convicted, and hanging from telephone poles in the plaza as a lesson to all.

The Public Career of Mexico's New President

1910. Joined the Madero revolution and on its triumph was elected mayor of Agua Prieta, Sonora, on the international line opposite Douglas, Arizona.

1912. Helped Obregon fight the federal forces in Sonora.

1913. During the Huerta dictatorship fought at Naco, Nogales, and Cananea as commander of the Constitutionalist forces, Carranza giving him the rank of colonel for meritorious service.

1914. Took the field against Governor Maytorena, who had deserted Carranza to go over to Villa, and drove him from the state.

1915-1916. With help of Obregon drove Villa and his army out of Sonora and became military governor of the state.

1917. Conducted a campaign in the mountains against the Yaquis, who were making raids on the surrounding country.

1918. Elected constitutional governor of Sonora. During his administration new agrarian and labor laws were enacted and many new schools established.

1919. Called to Mexico City by Carranza as Secretary of Industry, Commerce, and Labor.

1920. Resigned to return to Sonora to direct Obregon's presidential campaign. Fought for Obregon when the latter broke with Carranza and helped to establish Adolfo de la Huerta as Provisional President. Appointed Secretary of War.

1921-1922. Secretary of the Interior and Chief of the Cabinet under President Obregon.

1923. Resigned to become candidate for the Socialist-Labor-Agrarian parties for President, but was obliged to take the field against De la Huerta, who, supported by a large part of the army and property interests, started a revolt.

1924. After the flight of De la Huerta resumed his presidential campaign and defeated his opponent, General Angel Flores, governor of Sinaloa, receiving 83 per cent of the votes.

In the days when Mexico seethed in anarchy under Carranza it was Calles who settled workers' strikes in the southern part of the republic without resort to arms. He could handle American employers as well. The trouble at Cananea, Sonora, when he was governor was a case in point. As his friends tell the story, the American owners of the big copper mines at Cananea, displeased because several thousand Mexican workmen organized a union, peremptorily closed up the works and returned to Arizona. Calles advised the miners to operate the mines themselves. They did, and even more efficiently than he expected. At the end of twenty days the owners put in a heavy claim for damages against the state of Sonora. "All right," agreed Calles, "but perhaps you have forgotten that under the new constitution whenever a corporation locks out its men without submitting the point at issue to the board of arbitration it must pay the workmen three months' wages. You may be entitled to some damages, but if we pay you will have to advance three months' wages to every man."

The mine manager relinquished all claims, paid the men for the twenty days they had operated the mine, and resumed operation. Then to prove that he felt no ill will the American built a $25,000 school for the miners' children and also provided them with a swimming pool.

But it was in founding the Cruz Galves vocational school for war orphans at Hermosillo that Calles showed the best that's in him. It was at a time when years of revolution, with bandits in epaulets roaming the country, had ravished it bare. The last steer on the range had been fed into the stomachs of "soldiers" in one army or another; all loose copper or silver ore at the mines had been appropriated by force; there did not remain even one American mine manager worth capturing to obtain a ransom; many women and children were gaunt from hunger.

Yet Calles was able by public subscription to raise enough money to start the school. It was a strange sight

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to American visitors to see the poverty-stricken town of Agua Prieta "thrown open" for three days so that the profits from beer, whiskey, tequila, and gambling might be collected to educate orphans. The enthusiasm was intense. Education is the new religion of the Mexican people. The national budget for schools in 1923 was seven times larger than in the last year of the Diaz regime.

I remember the time when Calles, still governor, deserted the capital at Hermosillo to return to Agua Prieta and sell the handiwork of his little proteges to raise money for the school. It was fine work, for Mexican boys and girls excel American children in such craftsmanship, and as the Governor brought out for inspection of the visitors a little piece of needlework by a parentless girl or an example of cobblery skill of an orphan boy he smiled as proudly as if he were the father of them all. No wonder the children of the school call him "Papa Calles." I believe it was that scene in the cramped adobe reception-room in the rear of a store at Agua Prieta that fixed Calles in my mind as a leader worth while.

The Mexican President-elect, now 46 years old, is a pioneer product. He has been compared to Lincoln, and in his love and understanding of the plain people there is a resemblance. His native state, Sonora, is in about the same phase of material development, one imagines, as was Illinois in Lincoln's day. It is still given over mostly to range cattle and mining. Agriculture in most sections is primitive. The roads are impassable except for the smallest and toughest automobiles.

Young Calles, son of a poor farmer, suffered all the hardships of the Illinois rail-splitter. As a small boy he peddled fresh water from a pushcart in the streets of Guaymas. In school he was bright and industrious in preparing himself for the future. He won a scholarship and was sent by the government of Sonora to Mexico City to finish his studies, after which he devoted his time to public instruction in his native state, finally becoming head of the state Department of Education.

The system Calles, cooperating with Obregon, devised to end the bandit problem was a shrewd stroke of statesmanship. When Obregon came into power he had 130,000 federal soldiers, while 50,000 bandits roamed the land. Calles knew that the difference between a bandit and a federal soldier in Mexico was about the same as between a Republican and Democratic politician in the United States. Under slightly different pretensions both lived off and robbed the country. The peon became a bandit or, better, a federal soldier, because it was the easiest way, almost the only way, to make a living. So Calles, at the head of the army, opened the ranks and took the bandits in. He accepted them at their own rating. He said: "If you say you are a general, you must be one." Numerous bandits became Calles's best friends. With an army swelled to 180,000, the problem was what to do with the army. It was put to work building roads and schoolhouses. When conditions permitted groups of soldiers were settled in colonies. They were given land, supplied with agricultural machinery, and where possible paid in advance so they could get along until they harvested their first crop. Calles was weeding out generals, colonels, and high privates by the hundred and the sword was being almost literally beaten into the plowshare when the Huerta insurrection forced him to quit.

In Mexico Calles is not regarded as an extreme radical. He stands in about the same relation to the Mexican conservatives as La Follette does to those of this country. A nation just emerging from fourteen years of anarchy during which old institutions and traditions have been submerged in a welter of blood is receptive to new ideas. Calles represents them. The dream of martyred Madero will now begin to materialize under the more practical Calles. Americans who have had dealings with Calles in Sonora over a period of many years say he will raise no barrier against legitimate American enterprise in Mexico. He appreciates the genius of the American people and would like to utilize it, but is probably dubious about a government which throws his friend Eugene V. Debs into jail and puts Albert B. Fall in the Cabinet. Nobody more than Calles wants to develop his country, but, not forgetting a certain black satchel, he will take care that business adventurers from the United States do not carry out of Mexico what little the Mexican generals have left.

The Catholic clergy, rich and in part undeniably corrupt under Diaz, were routed by the revolution. In the late presidential campaign they fought Calles. When he spoke from a bandstand in San Miguel, Guanajuato, women in the crowd heckled him, crying, "Viva, Christ the King!"

"Viva, Christ the Revolutionist!" shouted Calles in reply. "Viva, Christ the carpenter but not the king. The days of kings have passed forever. Viva, Christ, but Christ, the friend of the poor and suffering, the friend of the hungry and homeless!"

To a Song of Sappho, Discovered in Egypt

By LEONORA SPEYER

Jonah wept within the whale;
But you have sung these centuries
Under the brown banks of the Nile
Within a dead dried crocodile:
So fares the learned tale.

When they embalmed the sacred beast
The Sapphic scroll was fair and strong
To wrap the spices that were needed—
Its song unheard, its word unheeded,
By crocodile or priest.

The song you sang on Lesbos when
Atthis was kind or Gorgo sad—
The startled whale spewed Jonah wide,
Out of the monster mummified
Your roses sing again.

Your roses! from the seven strands
Of the small harp whereon they grew—
The holy beast has had his pleasure,
His bellyful of Attic measure,
Under the desert sands.

Across pale seas your petals blew
In singing fragments, roses all!
The air is heavy on the Nile,
The drowsy gods drowse on the while,
As gods are wont to do.

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Berries Is Berries

By FRANCES BRADLEY

A CARAVAN of wagons, covered and uncovered, was crossing a creek. Some were filled with rolls of bedding and clothing, with dilapidated grips, suitcases, and bulging telescopes, with crates containing smoky coffee pots, frying pans, and heavy dishes, the worse for wear; while from the front, the rear, and from the uplifted sides of the prairie schooners appeared tousled heads, yellow, brown, tawny, of a score of youngsters consumed with curiosity, for they were seeing the world.

The procession was held up temporarily by an obstreperous pony, who, as one of the rear team of a four-horse wagon, was expected to fall into line and learn how to travel in harness. He refused, however, to do his part, and apparently neither he nor his master knew the rules of the game. Frightened, protesting, pursued by the lashes and oaths of the combined drivers of several teams, his sides frothing, and a bloody gash on his back luring a persistent, merciless horse-fly, the poor beast at least furnished his share of excitement. In spite of his three steady mates, the wagon swayed and tilted in the heavy sand. The load of children careened this way and that and clutched the sides of the wagon. The older ones dropped out behind and trudged barefoot beside the men, swelling the grand whoopla to urge on the panicky pony.

"What is it all about? Well, we're a tryin' ter git ter the berry fiel's but this durn pony is boun' he won't pull. I'll show him whether he will or no," and a stinging lash across the legs brought only another toss of the head and a wild dash to the other side of the road in a frantic effort to evade the next onslaught of the exasperated driver. "We hev n't made mo'n fifteen miles today," he complained, "but I'll say we'll do better'n thet tomorrow. Berries is ready ter pick an' we 've got ter be in the fiel's by Friday."

Finally, seduced with a bribe of cigarettes, the men ceased hostilities for a time, giving the frantic animal a chance to steady his nerves and to secure a much-needed rest.

"Well, yes," in answer to a question, "of co'se most of 'em is school chillen, but schools close when berry season opens. Yer see berries is berries an' the crap hes ter be made right now. School begins again in July an' lasts till fodderin' time, cep' fer them ez hez ter chop cotton. An' arter thet, ther's nothin' mo' ter hinder 'em till pickin' time in October an' November."

"Where are the parents of so many children? Do they pick berries too?"

"Well, hardly," smiling. "Berry pickin' is the back-breakin'est work yer ever tried. Hit's wussen cotton pickin' on grown folks, 'specially men. Ther backs is too stiff fer sech work. Hit's jes suited ter women an' chillen. Yes o' co'se, they hez ter ben' too, but hit don' lame 'em up like it does us men, an' somehow they seems ter stan' it better. Mr. Donaghey here picks on contrac' fer the M an' N Packin' an' Preservin' Company, an' we uses only chillen fer the pickin'. The big boys stays in the shack with Mr. Donaghey an' Mrs. Simpson yonder tries ter keep the little fellers out o' mischief."

"Do they like to go? Are there any repeaters, children going the second or third year to the berry fields?"

"Oh well, you know how chillen is. They 're crazy about it till they fin's they hez ter stay on the job. Hit's lucky fer them they hez parents who knows what's good fer 'em. These kids 'd be tearin' all over the place eatin' ther haids off ef they wuz at home while now they're mekin' money, an' ther folks needs it.

"How much do they earn? Well that depen's. Sometimes they picks by the row, but mos' gene'ally they picks by the box, 2 cents when berries is plenty an' 3 or 4 cents ef they're sca'ce. Berry pickers hez easy hours, fer all berries picked today mus' be shipped today, so they don' put in mo'n six or eight hours in the fiel'. A good boss kin git a right smart o' work outen a batch o' kids in thet time, an' they meks good money too. O co'se they gits ther boa'd an' lodgin' an' ther quinine free."

"But all of them do not need quinine," was protested. "Who gives it and how much?"

"Well, hit don' tek 'em long ter need it in these bottoms. Ef they comes from the mountains o' co'se we waits till they begins ter git dopey; but hit's a safe bet thet a gang from the low country'll begin chillin' by the ninth or tenth day. We gits mo' work outen 'em ter give three or four grains every night all han's roun'."

"Surely everybody in the low country does not have malaria."

"Mebbe not ez long ez they stays thar, but let 'em mek a change an' hit's sho ter crop out. Yer see hit 'd never do ter bring a lot o' kids away from ther homes an' let 'em git sick on us. Hit's cheaper, an' hit saves a gran' pow-wow with the uplifters, see? Arter every rainy spell, the water backs up an' gits mighty bad. Hit's hardly fitten ter drink, an' a run o' malaria or typhoid fever is sho ter foller. Then, too, yer cain't keep chillen or grown folks nuther from eatin' late peaches an' watermelons which is allus full o' malaria. All these frills about mosquitoes causin' malaria, tek hit from me, is all bunk. Ask any ole planter what hez lived in these parts an' hed ter keep his han's well. He'll tell yer. So will Dr. Oleboy. He's practiced medicine fer forty year an' is health officer in my county. I reckon he knows."

Meantime the pony had quieted down and was resting first on one haunch, then the other. The children, stretching their bones, had spotted a "swimmin' hole" in the bend of the creek and were speculating on the number of cat, perch, and suckers its cool shadows harbored. Others, even without being told, washed their grimy faces and hands, and, thus emboldened, waded, squealing and splashing, into the enticing stream.

"How about it, Johnny, going to earn some money?" someone asked.

"Yeah, I reckon so, but I wish ter cracky us fellers could git a swim fust. Whar we come from, hit's all standin' water, with slime on top an' a black, oozy bottom. This yer water runs, an' yer kin see plumb through it. Look at the san' an' rocks." Dipping up a fist full of pebbles, he hurled them one by one over the smooth surface of the

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swimmin' hole. watching eagerly the wigglers, tadpoles, and "minnies" dart after the ever-widening ripples.

"How much money will you make?"

"Aw, I dunno. Daddy made the trade." Then, excitedly, "Gee whiz, did yer see thet fish jump? Ain't nobody in this bunch got a hook an' line?" looking over the crowd in an agony of despair.

"All han's aboa'd. We've got ter move." This from Mr. Donaghey brought to an untimely end the passing dream of the children. Scrambling into the wagons, their bobbing heads watched with regret the last sparkle of the stream, then turned eager for the next experience. Accepting the proffered service of a stranger, the pony listened to a quiet word of assurance and encouragement, agreed that it is an exasperating, sometimes even a disappointing world, but that, on the whole, traveling in harness has its good points. Resentful of a beating, he whinnied gratefully over being led to the inevitable, and trotted out into the great world with his load of fellow-youngsters, each to learn his and her lesson that going' a-berryin' sometimes means much more than goin' a-pleasurin'. It means life as it is lived out in the fields where "berries is berries."

In Bad All Around

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

I COULD get a couple more newspapers for my newspaper service if I would stop writing for this accursed radical magazine *The Nation*.

Meanwhile, a lot of the readers of *The Nation* seem to spend all their time trying to get Oswald Garrison Villard to fire me from *The Nation* for being some sort of eighteenth-century country-squire Tory—or worse. I mean *and* worse. These readers tip me off to Oswald Garrison Villard as a friend of Harry Daugherty's.

I do not think that any evidence ever proved that Harry Daugherty ever got any money from bootleggers via Jess Smith. A good progressive, it seems, should believe that the evidence on that point was there. I could not see that it was. So I'm in bad as a progressive.

However, I have my consolation. I'm also in bad as a conservative. I never could see that any evidence ever proved that the I. W. W.'s put into jail during the war had ever committed any crime against the government of the United States. For that inability on my part I got the name of being quite a radical.

The persons accused were radicals. I could not see that the accusations against them were established. They were accused essentially of treason. Not being able to see that certain radicals accused of treason had ever been proved guilty of treason, I found myself invested with a sudden and thrilling reputation for radicalism on my own account.

I now sometimes say that Calvin Coolidge believes in lowering the surtaxes not because he is told to believe it by "Wall Street" but because anybody else from Plymouth, Vermont, even if he had never heard of "Wall Street," would believe in lowering the surtaxes. This gives me a reputation as a conservative. A progressive, apparently, would believe that nobody from Plymouth, Vermont, would ever know what to think until somebody from New York told him.

I then, however, say that Calvin Coolidge often hesitates a long time before making up his mind and that he is a great jiu-jitsu political artist (which I think admirable) and that, in any case, Senator Couzens of Michigan is not going to do everything that Calvin Coolidge says simply because Calvin Coolidge got a considerable plurality and a quite safe majority in the last election.

This induces readers of the Brooklyn *Eagle* to write enraged letters to the managing editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, pointing out that I am insidiously disparaging the presidential hero of conservatism and the whole recent conservative presidential victory. It also raises endless trouble for me in virtually every other city where my dispatches are published. Once again, instead of being a blue-nosed reactionary, I am a red-eyed revolutionist.

It is clear to me that somebody must be crazy.

On reflection I have decided that it is I. I hope my readers will not mind my writing about myself. I'm getting old. I crave sympathy, before I get shut up in a sanitarium for people with political dual personalities. I must hurry and get into some logical, consistent, political pigeon-hole, in order that the jury may be able to declare me sane.

For instance: More power in industry for labor is a relatively new idea; or, at any rate, it is a relatively new organized movement. Being new, it is called progressive. I happen to be for it. Meanwhile government ownership and operation of industrial enterprises is also, in a certain sense, new. I happen to be against it.

This is my mistake.

If anything is new, I ought to be either always for it or always against it, irrespective of what it is. "Progressivism, right or wrong!" "Things as they are! May they always be grand; but, grand or not, things as they are!"

That's the way to let people know where they can find you. That's the way to give them confidence in you. It is not only countries that have patriotism. It is also factions. There is a patriotism of progressivism. There is a patriotism of conservatism. If you are a progressive, you should go along with the progressives in any war they start. If you are a conservative, you should be against anything that anybody who at any time was ever called a progressive wants. A man is known by the company he keeps. If he does not stick on one side, he has no company. That's me.

I was introduced the other day to an audience of all sorts of people. My introducer said: "We have all read Mr. Hard's articles." There was not a sound from the audience. My introducer then said: "And we have all disagreed with them." There was rapturous applause.

Of course, behind all this solemn (or flippant) pretense, I love it. I would rather lose ten newspaper clients for writing for *The Nation* than stop irritating the readers of *The Nation*.

If Oswald Garrison Villard, besides imploring me for

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heaven's sake to wake up and to see and have some principles, should ever try to make me have them, I would quit him cold and rejoice in being a martyr to my lack of principles.

Yet I have them. I will tell the readers of *The Nation* a secret. Senator Borah is no progressive either. I and Senator Borah—the press gallery has precedence over the Senate—I and Senator Borah are progressives of the vintage of the period between 1776 and 1787. We—I and the Senator—are for what we regard as human liberty. We accordingly are for free speech and for the free right of labor to organize and to struggle for more power. We are for all that sort of thing.

We also are for the guaranties of it in the Constitution. We think that the Constitution does guarantee it. We think that if we elect Presidents who will appoint fair judges to the Supreme Court, the Constitution of 1787 is in absolute realistic fact a palladium of liberty.

Liberty is what we are for. That's why we're progressive. Because we're progressive, and because we're for liberty, we're against governmentalization. We hate these modern increases of governmental powers and functions. We do not want government big. We want it small. That's why we're conservative. A true progressive must at this time often be a conservative.

That's my proposition. That's why I'm in bad. And Senator Borah would be in bad, too, if he weren't so much cleverer than I.

Cassandra

By LOUISE BOGAN

For me one silly task is like another—
I bare the shambling tricks of lust and pride.
This flesh will never give a child its mother.
Song, like a wing, tears through my breast, my side,
And madness chooses out my voice again,
Again—I am the chosen no hand saves,
The screaming heaven lifted over men,
Not the dumb earth, wherein they set their graves.

Poet's Love Letter

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

Blue birds invade the patience of the moon;
The insubstantial trickeries of stars
Seduce an inch of sky and make it vast;
The night is like a lonely, poisoned boy,
Who gulps down starlight and is once more healed,
But rushes to a second treachery.
Amid these semblances, where logic strides
In chase of beauty, almost losing shape,
You walk, fearless and yet afraid to move
With legs that do not need a sheltering cloth.
Ah, courage is the animated lie
That shatters unreal linings of a heart—
Exquisite counterfeit of fierceness where
A soul compels the flesh to abdicate.
What is the night except an argument,
Renowned and wild, between the soul and flesh?

In the Driftway

THE Arabian Nights contain no tale as dazzling, as breath-taking, as rainbow colored as the story of Fifth Avenue's rise in a century from a plan set on paper and derided by all sensible citizens—the reality being a wandering country lane leading vaguely from one small village to another—to the richest and proudest street in the world. The Drifter likes romance and he has it here in abundance. Carping editorial writers in New York newspapers may object that Fifth Avenue represents not only the amazing progress but the youth and brashness of America; the fact remains that what was a goat pasture in 1860 is now occupied by those great dwellings which out-of-towners point at and whisper about as housing New York's "millionaires"; that somewhat earlier one Garrit Storm spent a good many sleepless nights after his rash purchase, for $45,000, of the Fifth Avenue block between Forty-second and Forty-third Streets, and that lately one of his many heirs died leaving a fortune of $10,000,000, mostly in real estate; that when Amos R. Eno, in 1858, built a hotel on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street the enterprise was known as "Eno's Folly," and the wiseacres shook their heads and predicted a bad end for such an unbusiness-like attempt to establish a great tavern in the country.

* * * * *

IN 1824 Fifth Avenue was planned on paper; at that time a collection of log huts housing fewer than one hundred persons had managed to grow up on the bleak shore of Lake Michigan, under the protection of Fort Dearborn, rebuilt after its destruction by the Indians in 1812. The knowing ones who laughed at the idea of plotting a street which cut through farms and across creeks would doubtless have become hysterical with mirth if someone had prophesied that by 1850 the Fort Dearborn settlement would grow to 28,269 persons, by 1860 to 109,000, and would be in 1924 the City of Chicago with a population of over three million. But of course no one made such a prophecy; in New York men were too busy to bother with such nonsense. They went about their affairs in the city and spent their leisure in their country houses; sometimes they stopped overnight at an inn; in 1850 they might have stayed at Madison Cottage, the tavern at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, provided they were willing to comply with the following rules for guests:

Four pence a night for Bed.
Six pence a night with Supper.
No more than 5 to sleep in one Bed.
No Boots to be worn in bed.
Organ Grinders to sleep in the Wash House.
No dogs allowed up stairs.
No Beer allowed in the kitchen.
No Razor Grinders or Tinkers taken in.

* * * * *

THE gulf between Europe and America never shows more plainly than in the rehearsing of tales like these. The Atlantic Ocean is a quiet brook compared to this sea of difference that divides an old world from a new, a world where "antique" carries with it the traditions of a thousand years and one where it refers to the late eighteenth century. Consider the contrast between the young Americanized Italian admiring his Fifth Avenue and the Flor-

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entine. The latter sees, as he looks from his window deep-set in stone, the same narrow streets, the same type of house, and in many cases the same house, that his grandfather sixteen generations removed must have seen. Florence today looks enough like Florence of the fifteenth century to set at rest the heart of any ghost looking about for his former habitation; Savonarola, walking about on the square where he was burned to death in 1498, would notice a new statue or two, the iron tables and chairs of a modern cafe (built in the old style), and the bronze plate under his feet which marks the place of his execution. Otherwise things would be much the same. And how hard-put a citizen of Rome would be to vie with his American cousin in boasting of "progress." "Ah, yes," he might say, "but remember that in 1450 Rome was a city of wild-haired beggars who had for their houses the ruins of pagan temples and Christian basilicas." And even then he could be reminded that in three years the Pantheon, whose gold mosaic ceiling arches over its marble mosaic floor as securely as it did when it was built, can celebrate its nineteen-hundredth birthday.

* * * * *

TO the European, accustomed to cities which have remained more or less stationary for hundreds of years, the fantastic tale of a mere century seems like a child's dream or the vision of a madman. In neither case it is to be taken seriously. This sister across the sea has, to be sure, managed to acquire wealth enough to make her word carry weight; but in art, in letters, in architecture, even in government, she is, necessarily, centuries behind her European relations or else merely copying their ideas. One hears that she is advanced in the matter of bath-tubs; but her grasp on the realities of life must be that of an infant. The Drifter, with a desire to defend his country while reserving the privilege of salutary criticism in private, cannot but admit the force of this contention. If America is crude, if she is ignorant, if she loudly trumpets one theory while practicing another, if she arrogantly assumes herself to be right because she is great, let these faults be set down to her youth and inexperience. It is conceivable that age may bring wisdom—possibly even the wisdom of China, which sits and sleeps. With the benefits of her upbringing and with the chance she has had to profit by the failures of others, it may be that America's future will be a brighter one than that of Europe seems to be.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

English for the Viennese

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The editor of the Vienna daily *Die Stunde*, which I represent in America, asked me to thank *The Nation* for having published a letter by Mr. Swann Harding, Beltsville, Maryland, offering to send American periodicals to Vienna. This letter led to the organization of 185 American men and women who have nobly responded to Mr. Harding's appeal and expressed their willingness to furnish, free of charge, hundreds of English-reading Viennese with American periodicals.

I was asked, at the same time, to thank Mr. Swann Harding and all those who have been instrumental in bringing about this result.

Brooklyn, November 18 EMIL LENGYEL

E. D. Morel

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I bear brief testimony to the splendid character and work of E. D. Morel, whose untimely death you, in common with all friends of public justice and humanity, deplore? I did not know him personally during the earlier of his two great adventures, his campaign against the atrocities of the Belgian Congo. But during the past ten years I have watched from close quarters, on the executive committee of his Union of Democratic Control, the magnificent services he has rendered, largely single-handed in his country, to the revelation of the truth about the Great War and the Bad Peace.

Considerations of his own personal safety and reputation counted nothing with this great-hearted truth-teller. Needless to say, he suffered every affront and contumely which unscrupulous patrioteers and their lying press could heap upon him. These men and their newspapers charged him openly with treason and the receipt of pay from Germany, well aware that in the heat of the war-fever he could not invoke the protection of the law of libel with the faintest chance of a fair verdict from a jury poisoned by the very lies he sought to expose. At last his enemies secured his silence for a time by a trumped-up technicality. But not for long. After his release from prison he pursued his purpose with unabated zeal, though with a damaged physique due to the heavy nervous strain which such maltreatment put upon one whose fighting spirit concealed a sensitiveness inseparable from his enthusiasm for justice. He shrank from the unmerited hatred of his fellow-men. The iron entered his soul and contributed to wear down his fine physique. Even after the extremity of the war-fever was abated, the general refusal to confront the greatest of the war-lies, the sole guilt of Germany, kept him in a continual emotional ferment, and imposed upon him new toils of controversy.

It would be idle to conceal the fact that the formation and the policy of the Labor Government were in some ways a bitter disappointment to him. His knowledge of foreign policy and his personal part in educating the nation to it to put the Labor Government in power seemed to most of his friends (and doubtless to him) good reasons for giving him a ministerial place in foreign or colonial administration. At any rate he expected from ministers who were his fellow-workers in the U.D.C. a bolder and more strenuous policy aiming to secure a revision of the destructive peace treaties and the falsehood they affirmed regarding the responsibility for the war.

His death cuts short the most truly glorious career of any Englishman of our time. In private life, I may add, he was the most lovable of men, full of kindness and considerateness, willing to listen and defer to friends who had not a tithe of his knowledge of affairs. His death, the latest war-victim, will bring a throb of personal sorrow to hundreds of private friends in different countries, brought in contact with him during this last decade of his spiritual adventure.

Washington, D. C., November 17 JOHN A. HOBSON

The Klan in the Election

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some weeks ago when you or some one of your staff wrote a funeral oration over the dead body of the Klan I was amused, considering that I had recently been engaged in a bitter and futile attempt to prevent the Tulsa schools from falling into the hands of the Klan.

As the result of the election here in the Southwest is decided my amusement is tempered somewhat by pity. Are you not aware that the Republican landslide for Coolidge, especially in the West, was the work of the Klan and that Klan slates, nonpartisan in character, were ordered from Atlanta and were put through almost without exception in every doubtful State?

In Oklahoma the county officials and the judges and the

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congressmen and legislators are without exception amenable to the Klan, and Pine who was openly the Klan candidate was elected by two to one over Jack Walton in spite of the fact that the State as a whole returned its normal majority for Davis.

In Kansas, William Allen White, who made a spectacular campaign against the Klan, was beaten worse than anyone had anticipated. The Klan indorsed Paulen and elected him, and the labor men of Kansas can expect a revival of the Industrial Court with all its unfairness together with the organized lawless enmity of the small business men and politicians who make up the strength of the Invisible Empire.

In Texas, in spite of the apparent victory of Mrs. Ferguson, the Klan is back in power in all parts of the State and came near carrying the State over in the Republican column; it may with its control of the courts prevent Mrs. Ferguson from serving her term. The sad part of it is that her opponent's cry that Jim Ferguson will be the real governor is true. Mrs. Ferguson did not make a speech during the campaign, and admitted she did not know how.

The Klan had a death grip on several States outside of the South, and will have a powerful voice at Washington for the next four years. I suggest that you withdraw that funeral oration in view of the fact that the reported demise was considerably exaggerated.

Tulsa, Oklahoma, November 5 CLARENCE R. LONG

A Word of Approval

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* is about the only thing "that comes regularly" that I have time to read. Of all of it, Ludwig Lewisohn's reviews meant most to me. I confess that I genuinely regretted his departure.

But the splendid theater comment in this week's issue not only gets my resubscription but my genuine enthusiasm.

New York, September 19 PHILIP MOELLER

Help Wanted

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am just naturally a single taxer—was one even as a boy. So I sat me down some time ago, and wrote a MS. Whatever else it may be, it is original; for although the single-tax doctrine appears in works of economic science, it has never, so far as I know, appeared in fiction, save in one instance—"From Earth's Center," which I have never chanced to read somehow.

I sent the thing to the publishers—and of course it was returned. I expected it. I peddled my wares up the wrong street. So I set out to find where, if any, were any publishers who might recognize the single tax. I went over to the *Post Dispatch* in St. Louis. Somehow I never got past the boy at the outer desk. I carried on quite a little confab, through him, with some near-god inside the splendid offices. Finally, in some despair, I asked him where the single-tax headquarters were. He came back, with the answer written on a slip of paper: "Over at the City Hall." With some misgiving I went there. I asked a great splendid fellow in uniform where, etc. He answered: "Single tax? Oh, yes—third floor." Thank goodness, I thought. But alas! My man turned to another near by and said: "That's right, ain't it, Fred? Pay your single tax on the third floor, don't you? This guy wants to pay his single tax!" Then to me: "Better get married, boy! They tax a man for anything, nowadays!"

I held up a desperate hand. "It's a political party, boys!" I wailed. "The *Post* told me its headquarters were over here!"

"The *Post?*" he answered. "Huh! Them Jews'll tell you anything! An' anyhow there's so many o' them political parties these days a man can't keep track of 'em!"

I fled. Home, I wrote the *Post* a letter—and got no answer. Just as helpless as a babe I was and am, I guess.

So this letter to you. Will you be kind enough and intelligent enough to tell me a little something of the Single Tax Party? Where is it, and who is it? Who's who in it? Where would you advise sending such a MS as mine—outside of the furnace? There is a place in this world for anything, I'm sure—even a single-tax MS.

East St. Louis, Illinois, October 30 ED. A. CARSEY

The Courage of Blasco Ibánez

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your issue of October 29 carried a rather bad-humored paragraph on the subject of Mr. Blasco Ibáñez's attack on the King of Spain. In pointing your query as to whether the author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" had not postponed his present "campaign" to a time when "heterodoxy is safer" you apparently failed to recall a number of important points in the biography of the Valencian novelist. During his editorship of *El Pueblo*, a republican newspaper of his native town, Mr. Blasco Ibáñez went to prison some twenty times. For his pronouncements on the Spanish-Cuban-American War he received a sentence of six years. Several years of his youth he spent in exile in France; and the first of the three fortunes he made in the course of an adventurous life was devoted almost entirely to the propagation and defense of what may be accurately called the "American idea" of democratic federalism. One need but recall the case of Ferrer to reflect that political agitation in Spain has never been the academic thing it often is in more evolved democracies.

With Mr. Blasco Ibáñez as with other public men many faults may doubtless be found; but, frankly, cowardice is not one of them; and I am sure you will be willing to strike that portion of your paragraph from the record. If you decide also to retract the rest as well, there will be no great harm that I can see, since your note throws no accurate light on the value or motivation of Mr. Blasco Ibáñez's present attitude toward the king of his country.

New York, November 5. ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

Contributors to This Issue

GERTRUDE MATHEWS SHELBY attended the hearings of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency last winter when it was inquiring into the Federal Farm Loan Board. She went solely as a listener because of her interest in cooperative banking, but after a few questions so convinced the committee of her knowledge of the subject that she was allowed to act virtually as an examining counsel.

HOWARD A. LAMB is a newspaperman who spent five years as correspondent on the Mexican border for the El Paso *Times*, the Douglas *Daily International*, and the Associated Press. He covered several military campaigns and himself participated in certain battles.

LEONORA SPEYER is the author of "A Canopic Jar," a volume of verse.

FRANCES BRADLEY is a physician who for many years engaged in field work for the Federal Children's Bureau.

LOUISE BOGAN is the author of "Body of This Death."

A. DONALD DOUGLAS is establishing a reputation as novelist and critic.

TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN is a practicing architect in New York and the author of "The Enjoyment of Architecture."

ARTHUR RUHL is a noted newspaper correspondent and the author of several volumes on European affairs.

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Books and Plays

First Glance

THE latest section of the monumental and now almost completed "New English Dictionary" (Oxford: 10 shillings) to arrive in America covers rather unpromising ground, since in going from "unforeseeing" to "unright" it must spend five-sixths of its space on words beginning with the prefix un-. Yet even within this province it finds an opportunity to suggest the particular kind of commentary upon human behavior for which, as the one really comprehensive survey of the language in existence, it is so famous. Under the word "unicorn," for instance, the whole history of belief and disbelief in that fine animal is silently, remorselessly written. After sentences from old and middle and early modern English which indicate a simple and healthy faith comes this wavering statement of 1657: "A very fierce and strong creature it is; and nowadays very rare, but anciently more common." Here is the beginning of the end, for in the next century Dr. Johnson refers to "that Beast so much talked of and so little known"; and in 1801 the *Monthly Review* contained an article On the Probability of the Existence of an Unicorn. Thus have human travel and the science of natural history relieved the mind of a pleasant superstition.

Now that geography and history have banished so effectively the grosser superstitions of distant place and distant time, it might very easily occur to someone that the world so lost was worth preserving; and indeed this has occurred to Clark B. Firestone, who in a bulky volume, "The Coasts of Illusion" (Harper: $4), endeavors to read the history of knowledge backward, laboring to remember rather than forget "the things that were not so." His extraordinary purpose is to recall from chambers of the racial mind now all but closed that menagerie of animals, that mapful of coasts and mountains, that kingdom of preternatural men and women which we no longer are able to believe in. They once were facts, and herein lies their peculiar interest for Mr. Firestone; he is indifferent to mythologies on the one hand and to utopias on the other, since these have been conscious creations of the soul and the brain. He would sum up what formerly was science, he would draw what once would have been accepted as a map of the known earth. It is a beautiful ambition, one which has only to be announced to make the mind leap. Yet a scrupulous mind would hesitate after a little thought and eventually despair. A history of human error, even if only on its more picturesque and harmless sides, is grotesquely impossible. Where to begin, for instance? Will any distinction between myth and "fact" actually work? And where to end? What of the laws of celestial mechanics, now so ably doubted? Or what of certain evolutionary dogmas now no longer sworn to?

The only thing left for Mr. Firestone was to compile a reference book to the illusions which for one reason or another interested him, and that is what he has done. With no pretensions to scholarship, although his amateur knowledge is immense, he has ransacked the literature of travel and anthropology and popular science. He knows not only the obvious sources—Herodotus, Lucian, Pliny, Marco Polo, Mandeville, Hakluyt, Purchas, Sir Thomas Browne, "The Golden Bough," and "Primitive Culture"—but hundreds of obscure studies and stories; his feast is rich if somewhat irregularly served. At any rate, here for the reader's delight are tons of information about unicorns, griffins, harpies, rocs, and cockatrices; about noseless, headless, one-eyed, and dog-headed people; about satyrs, pigmies, Amazons, troglodytes, and gnomes; about Arcadia, Bohemia, Prester John's kingdom, the lotus-land, and the land of Gog and Magog; about Atlantis, Elysium, and Lyonesse; about El Dorado, the Spice Islands, and the Fountain of Youth; and about the Sargasso Sea. Here, I am almost driven to say, is the other and better side of the moon.

MARK VAN DOREN

Religious Insight and Religious Nonsense

Personal Religion and the Life of Devotion. By W. R. Inge. Longmans, Green and Company. $1.

The Friendship of God. By A. Maude Royden. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

THE danger of know-nothing fundamentalism lies not in its grotesque and vulgar bigotry as such. Though the carriers of this spiritual infection are causing fleeting epidemics in backward colleges and provoking dervish orgies in the darker church belts, on the whole the modern environment is sufficiently immune to the virus. The real danger of Pharisaism invariably lies in the pseudo-enlightened Sadducee counter-reformations it arouses. The supercultivated fundamentalism of Philo Judaeus in the first century stirred up an equally sophisticated modernism; while the cheap Chautauqua fundamentalism of the Bryans can excite but the equally naive "liberalism" of the Reverend van Dykes. "The Sadducees were the hypocrites of the Jewish world, just as the Epicureans were the hypocrites of the Greek world"—and just as the "modernists" are the hypocrites of the contemporary Christian world, only that they lack the savoir-faire to be hypocritical without first fooling themselves.

The intrinsic falsity of the liberal church lies in its seeming conformity with the temper of the age. Prestige in our era undoubtedly goes with rationalism and the scientific method. Accordingly the liberal church deifies Evolution in nature and society. It glibly jumbles religious insight with social ethics. It pretends to preach the higher criticism by interpreting the sacred writings as esoteric fables. And in general it alleges the growing affinity of science and religion. All this is the sheerest nonsense. It is nonsense from the point of view of modern science generally, whose attitude is no less alien to the homiletics of the Reverend Mr. Fosdick than to those of Bishop Manning, simply because the category of compromise is as impertinent to the scientific method as the category of conversion. It is nonsense from the point of view of modern psychology, within whose special purview the objective study of religious emotion falls, for it increasingly recognizes religious behavior in the mystical, more or less fetishist and clairvoyant attitude of orthodoxy. It is nonsense from the point of view of modern exegesis, which does not see in the holy scribes poetic fabulists but literal-minded medicine men, emotional and Draconic spokesmen of deeply imbedded myths and mores, whose rise and fall are of ethnologic interest. And, most important of all, it is nonsense worse confounded from the point of view of modern liberalism.

For liberalism is not, as modernism assumes, the generic opposite of bigotry. Tolerance is that. Liberalism is specifically the informed, courageous, and enlightened attitude in social politics, and only in social politics. It is as irrelevant to religious revelation as it is to the theory of numbers or to an appreciation of the Fifth Symphony. There is no more sense in liberalizing the Immaculate Conception of Jesus than there would be in liberalizing the noncontroversial immaculate conception of Minerva. Religious cosmology cannot be modernized into paleontology. Religious eschatology is forever incompatible with the ineluctable agnosticism of the scientific outlook. Moreover, religious experience is categorically different from social ethics, no matter at how many points they may touch each other to mutual benefit or harm, unless we stretch words beyond their most elastic connotations. For the religious ineffabilities are, in the words of Dean Inge, "not of this world." Indeed "the truth is"—he quotes approvingly a French writer—"that there always has been a conflict between mysticism (which to him is essential to religious consciousness) and politics (which he defines in the Aristotelian sense of community organization)."

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Carnegie Branch

I know no religious writer who has refuted with so much Christian humanism and learned sagacity the religious claims of both the reactionary church politicians and the exhibitioners of modernism. Indeed it is his school of thought which was able to lay to some degree the unseemly quarrel in the Church of England a good quarter of a century ago. His little book on personal religion is not a systematic treatise. For that the reader may look into his "Outspoken Essays." This booklet is merely a collection of stray reflections on religious beatitudes. But only a vast cultural investment could be responsible for so many sage glimpses of truth. And all these flashes converge on one central definition: religion is a mystic universe; it is a dream world of strength and beauty and exalting recreation from whose threshold the believer returns spiritually invigorated for a more meaningful and moral mastery of "this world," which otherwise would be quite as mean, empty, brief, and brutal as it seems. Our momentary pleasures cease with gratification; only religion can throb them into the "joy which is the triumph of life"; "God punishes the useless by giving them pleasure without joy." Our sorrows are but petty worries unless religion purges them with the sense of tragedy, whose touch alone can fraternize mankind. Our little hopes are either tricks "of looking at the bright side of things" or mere selfish wishes unless religion lifts them into the serenity of Faith. In short, for Dean Inge "it is otherworldliness which alone can transform this world."

With multiplying thousands I fail to follow the Dean of St. Paul's. I find a more vital option in the Hellenic search for beauty in each moment—and let it go at that; in Bertrand Russell's freeman's worship of man's tragic comradeship with truth—and let it go at that; in Axel Heyst's noble and agnostic resignation to his inner decency, which is Conrad's notion of all there is to moral victory. To bind goodness, truth, and beauty into one grand teleological religious urge seems to me to detract from their intrinsic values. To Dr. Inge they have no meaning but as a trinitarian mandate under a personal Godhead, which mystically consecrates them for our inner guidance and—human nature being what it is—for some outer forms of worship. That is religion, he says. It is. And—it seems to go against the Zeitgeist. But one must respect the author for the emotional and intellectual sincerity with which he has so exquisitely cultivated his "kingdom of faith . . . which is not of this world."

Though the more prancing kind of modernism has been tired out in England since the nineties, for sheer religious demagoguery—intellectually unkempt, sham-erudite, and quack-courageous—we have produced nothing to beat Miss Royden's "Friendship of God." Our Fifth Avenue religious illuminati use at least good-looking English and do not court illogic to absurdity. The lady preacher takes us into her divine chumminess as follows: "The revelation of natural law was needed to make us understand, even dimly, the sublime constancy of spiritual law. We have that revelation now and it has brought us nearer to our high amazing destiny—to be the friends of God." We might dismiss this meaningless outburst as pure piffle if modern psychology did not warn us that piffle has a meaning all its own. And indeed the modernist defense-mechanism could not have been caricatured with greater felicity than it is here. Miss Royden's table of contents is a perfect program for her sort of show: Spiritual Sight ("I believe that our Lord had the most scientific spirit that ever lived"); The Laws of Life (science and religious revelation are the same); What is a Christian? ("to be a Christian is to be like Christ"—nothing less); Some Forms of Worship (worship is "love and praise and wonder that goes out to things that are worshipful, wonderful, and lovely"). And so on and on for 138 pages without a single disciplined idea, even by accident. It would be pitiful did not pity turn to irritation when Miss Royden claims in Charles Darwin "a modern prophet" of her own views. She admits that, in spite of his almost abnormal shrinking from religious controversies, he was forced to put himself down as an "agnostic . . . who did not know whether there was a God." But she does not permit his memory to rest in peace. From his very agnosticism she deduces by a triumphant syllogism which would have dizzied a medieval monk his profound religiosity—his belief in the divinity of Christ. Apparently nothing is sacred to the open-minded.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Galsworthy's World

The White Monkey. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

THE generations of the years pass before Mr. Galsworthy's eyes like a dream remote and twilit in the pathos of receding distance. Like one of his own Forsytes he sits under a blanket on a chair giving vision of green lawns and slant autumnal sun and the world dying. He would have us believe that all old people sit brooding to conjure up the past in a haze of regretful memory wherein first love was indeed sweet with all regret and young men of a sterner age looked upon the roast beef when it was red. His young men and women lack body. It is only the older characters who possess sinew and root, and these only in remembrance of wine past. Even when Mr. Galsworthy tries to be most scrupulous toward the unrest of what he thinks is the younger generation, he cannot really esteem the young. He can care only for the youth of his own youth. In his exquisite story The Apple Tree he is most beautifully himself, the historian not of old age and not of youth but of an adolescence which has never outgrown the recollection of desire, caught into a new harsh world it cannot understand except in pain, the dupe of a fine pure sensibility to what cannot return and never in its own time met true fulfilment. Both to the Forsytes and to Mr. Galsworthy himself, ah! death is life indeed, the days that are no more!

When he writes of a young man he most clearly likes Mr. Galsworthy names his tale The Apple Tree or The Dark Flower, both fragrant in a bloom that is dying, dying, dying. When he writes of a generation he cannot like he names his tale The White Monkey. For him, even when he is most sincerely sorry for the bad world, it is a generation resembling a fantastic biped which has sucked the fruit and tasted only the rind. At the last he can give Soames Forsyte his due and make him the chief figure of his belated esteem. His young man, Michael Mont, is simply the fine and pure young man, the Galsworthy young man. His heroine, Fleur Forsyte, who has married Michael, like all his heroines has never put on flesh even when she is said to be tempted by the flesh of the poet, Wilfrid Desert. For the rest Mr. Galsworthy includes at length a cockney man and his girl wife, both pigeons transfixed by the tearing hawks of the modern world, invented indeed to show that world how much Mr. Galsworthy prefers two souls, tender and true, to the barren discords of modern art. In losing his money through too honest a business conscience Soames Forsyte is washed pure from his sins. Even in defeat he is more admirable than the young people who practice the disintegration of the technique of painting and poetry.

No one else in the world could have written the story of Victorine and Tony Bicket and not fallen into the ultimate mire of sentimentalism. Tony packs books in the publishing house of Michael's father. His girl wife is stricken with pneumonia. Tony steals books, sells them, and pays the doctor's bills. He is discovered and fired from his job, for all Michael's efforts to retain him in some capacity. He buys balloons and sells them on street corners. Victorine recovers. Acting on Michael's recommendations, she poses as a model, at last posing in the altogether but remaining immaculate. Tony learns the awful truth, but believes her protestations of innocence. With the money earned they set out for Australia, out of it all. They would do just that very thing! A good-hearted cockney pathetically selling balloons! Mr. Galsworthy alone would go

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to such extremes and give them the fine flavor of his pity. Denry the Audacious might have sold balloons, but he would have won a fortune. Kipps might have sold balloons, not burst by pity but blown up to a full humor. Mr. Galsworthy suffers balloons, sadly.

Fleur is supposed to represent the blind alley of the younger generation. She comes to the brink but does not fall into the gulf of darkness. At the propitious moment Wilfrid refrains, yields up the manuscript of his new poems, and takes the next train for Arabia. Fleur has not married for love (you will remember young Jolyon), and she is for a time caught into every gusty swirl of new art and new life. At the end she finds she is going to have a baby, she has the baby, and everything is quite all right. Mr. Galsworthy even has her practice Couéism —all related without the ghost of a smile. In Soames's and Michael's happiness Mr. Galsworthy is himself most happy. All the discords have been resolved into an assuaging harmony (quite obviously in C major) and the white monkey by a simple process of magic has been transformed into the child of the ages.

No one would ask Mr. Galsworthy to be other than himself alone in the rare fine world he has builded from dreams of regret and aching lost beauty and a pity that is itself the echo of its own sorrow. It is a world, and it is most complete and final in the Forsyte Saga, where you can dwell or not just as you choose. It is not copied from this world, but imagined by Mr. Galsworthy's own art. Perhaps it offers less rich substance than the worlds of other artists, each one spinning like a universe by the laws of its own being. Mr. Galsworthy cannot give you roast beef, but the memory of roast beef. He cannot give you love, but the remembered loss of love. He cannot give you women, but dreams of fair women. He is limited by his own fineness and his own pain at the harsh discords of what he thinks is the modern world. He can mistake the advertised temperaments of small mean literary cliques for the authentic voice of God, and so dismiss all modern art. Yet he can give us something no one has ever before given. He can give us the world himself has created.

A. Donald Douglas

Engineering or Architecture?

Sticks and Stones. By Lewis Mumford. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

IT is a stimulating adventure to open a book on American architecture and find neither those sycophantic appreciations, beautifully illustrated, which form so important a part of the current periodical literature of the subject, nor, on the other hand, those equally one-sided, bitterly pessimistic attacks on all modern work which characterize another type of criticism. For Mr. Mumford has seen deeply into architecture; careful historical study has given him an authoritative background; he has realized that behind that stream of form which makes the "style" of any place or date there is a reason; he has asked the why of form in American architecture. The answer is inevitable; it is the quality of the civilization that gave it birth. Architecture can exist only as an expression of civilization; in any complete understanding of one a knowledge of the other is implicit. Mr. Mumford has called his book "Sticks and Stones." There is a gentle sarcasm in the title itself, for to him architecture is rather of the spirit; it is the soul of a people's life exemplified.

The book is built upon a careful historical examination of the parallel development of American architecture and American culture. This historical analysis is an important and pioneer piece of work, expressed with a concise vividness. Time and again, in one telling phrase, the entire picture of an epoch is evoked, and the architectural forms of that epoch are at once seen in their inevitability. For instance, in talking of the development of land-speculation as a result of pioneering, Mr. Mumford says: "If the older cities of the seaboard were limited in their attempts to become metropolises by the fact that their downtown sections were originally laid out for villages, the villages of the Middle West labored under just the opposite handicap; they had frequently acquired the framework of a metropolis before they had passed out of the state of a village." Thus one sentence sums up and makes vivid the pioneering philosophy behind all the unimaginative and arrogant stupidity that underlies a thousand down-at-heel and jerry-built towns.

The chapters on The Diaspora of the Pioneer and The Defeat of Romanticism vividly recreate almost forgotten periods with a perfect and biting equanimity. They are more candid and level-headed than the first chapter, The Medieval Tradition, where the cool clarity of insight is blurred—like a mirror breathed upon—by the fact that in the Puritan village of the seventeenth century Mr. Mumford has found his long-sought Utopia; in the presence of one's divinity one's eyes are always veiled. But in the consideration of modern architecture the clarity is complete, and the examination of the effect of industrialism on architecture and on life is entirely convincing, once Mr. Mumford's implied definition of architecture is accepted.

For architecture has a double meaning. On the one hand it is the entire corpus of that portion of human environment which is man-built; on the other, it includes only those buildings in which the effort to build beautifully—that is, the creative ideal—has been dominant. The only flaws to be picked in Mr. Mumford's criticism lie in his occasional confusion of the two definitions, for his sociological sympathies lead him to emphasize the totality of building as an important human expression, and his admiration of certain past periods leads him to consider great works of art in those periods as sociologically inevitable, while the great beauty of much modern work is considered either an "accidental result" or "outside the purlieus of our commercial system." This is contradictory; one hazards, with due humility, the opinion that the Lincoln Memorial, by the late Henry Bacon, or the Nebraska State Capitol, by the late Bertram Goodhue, or "the prosperous country homes and college buildings and churches and municipal institutions" in which "a tradition of good building and tactful design has been established" are quite as close to the spirit of this age as the cathedrals of thirteenth-century France are to that, and the taste that animates the styles—academic or secessionistic—of today quite as inevitable as that differing taste which set the *chimères* on Notre Dame grinning over the Paris housetops. The "style" is an accident, a mere vocabulary; wherever true beauty has entered, now or generations ago, it is because the creative spirit has brooded over the creation, which is raised at once to a new plane; the true art of architecture is timeless and without bounds of geography or dates.

Once this distinction is grasped, and "Sticks and Stones" seen as a history and criticism not of architecture as an art but of architecture as the totality of building, its analyses and conclusions become inescapable. The modern problem is not bad architectural art but the too frequent lack of architure itself; engineering seems to the modern so much more "efficient." Where else than in this book has the function and the misuse of the engineer in modern life been so succinctly set forth? Where else the inevitable ugliness of the results of the uncurbed realtor? Where else is the ultimately destructive character of current industrialism and business initiative so vividly presented? Or the futility of an almost endless and unplanned city growth? For the ugliness, incoherence, monotony, stupidity of much modern building, the wrecked countrysides, the dreary city fringes, the foul slums do not grow of themselves but are the terrible children of a civilization whose aim is gain got with the ruthlessness of the pioneer and the efficiency of the engineer. Beauty cannot come down to walk with the people under such a civilization. So the examination of the history of building in America leads surely to the ruthless and forceful criticism of the wastefulness and the

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underlying inhumanity of the rampant industrialism of our own time. By all odds "Sticks and Stones" is the most stimulating book on architecture in many a long day.

TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN

Regular Journalism

Those Europeans. By Sisley Huddleston. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

MR. HUDDLESTON'S sketches of twenty more or less well-known Europeans are the sort of thing which a foreign correspondent, when the exigencies of news permit or by way of showing his good intentions, sends home to his Sunday paper. In Europe, where readers are more accustomed to international gossip, they might go on week-days as well.

They are not news, although phrases like "now" and "last year" frequently appear and obviously Mr. Huddleston is never very far from his last edition; not good straight reporting; still less history or literature; but that crisp, fluent, entirely superficial and generally useless sort of "tosh" which springs from typewriters on which Reparations, Mustapha Kemal, the Polish Corridor, Ramsay MacDonald, the Twilight of Europe, Mussolini, or whatever else happens to make the front page is always good for a column and a half—until something else makes the front page and these are as if they had never been. Mr. Huddleston polishes off Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Masaryk, Primo de Rivera, Anatole France, D'Annunzio, Sir John Bradbury, Stresemann, General Sikorski, and the Pope among his twenty, and he hops from London to Anatolia, from Morocco to the Rhineland, without saying anything of the slightest importance about any of them. Nothing, that is, unless one were looking for a sort of Who's Who of personalities of the moment, so that before going out to dinner one might be tipped off, so to speak, as to who Dr. Dorten or Sir William Goode, for example, might be. The least perfunctory of the portraits, perhaps, is that of Clemenceau. Mr. Huddleston contributes nothing that is not known already by everybody who has met the Tiger, but he does give a hint of the personality of that extraordinary old man—"perhaps the greatest man our generation has produced," Mr. Huddleston thinks. The chapter labeled Lord Cecil, on the other hand, is merely a few trite paragraphs on the League with practically nothing about its distinguished advocate.

Subtlety of characterization is not one of Mr. Huddleston's strong points. This man is "the right man in the right place," that one "head and shoulders above," and so on. Anatole France, whose characteristic mood is compared to that of Omar Khayyam in the "Remold it nearer to our Heart's Desire" quatrain, "may be described as the highest flower of culture yet produced, the topmost peak of human intelligence." As for more or less controversial questions, "whether you agree that . . . or, on the other hand, that . . . certainly it must be admitted" . . . and, in any case, "much will depend on the course of events." While political Spain "hardly counts for much . . . there can be little doubt that, as Mr. Valery Larbaud remarks, 'Spain is perhaps the foremost intellectual nation of our time.'" By way of supporting his "there can be no doubt that perhaps," Mr. Huddleston presents the following bit of illuminating criticism: "At the head of the writers, philosophers, artists is Miguel de Unamuno, who may be taken to be the antithesis of Primo de Rivera. In literature, Benito Pérez Galdós was followed by Palacio Valdés; Vicente Blasco Ibáñez can not be omitted, nor can Pio Baroja. Among the younger men is the extremely original Ramon Gomez de la Serna. In painting, Picasso has influenced the whole of European art. In music one finds such names as those of Albeniez, Granados, and Manuel de Falla."

The Fascisti wear black shirts, it seems, and "while there is much that appears like play-acting in Fascism, there is also a sincere purpose, a sincere belief . . ." Morocco used to be a savage sort of place, but now that the French have had a chance at it "there exist side by side with rush huts great tourist hotels of the most modern kind, splendid villas, and all the appurtenances of civilization as it is known in the big cities of the world. . . ."

Either author or compositor is responsible for some very curious words and phrases. Among them is a French quotation with two English "at's" in it, while the English version of *enfant de volupté* is "infant of volupty"!

Mr. Huddleston is a veteran journalist, and undoubtedly, at his daily task, a very capable one. We hope that he is one of the "best" journalists, for he tells us on page 23 that while "politicians are often the narrowest of men, the best journalist is the broadest of men." Breadth in the sense of extension, of getting about to many people and places, he shows in his book. Unhappily he seems to possess no other dimension.

ARTHUR RUHL

Books in Brief

The Common Sense of Music. By Sigmund Spaeth. Boni and Liveright. $2.

Dr. Spaeth has achieved two impossibilities: he has written a low-brow textbook, and he has covered—thinly—the subject. In 375 pages he disposes of the classification of compositions and styles; thematic material; jazz, its origin, value, and technique; the theory of rhythm; intervals and simple harmony; the cycle of keys; the form of songs, sonatas, etc.; descriptions and drawings of orchestral instruments; instructions for "natural pianists," "close harmony artists," and musical parlor tricks of various kinds; a chapter on interpretation; a chapter on the literature; a glossary that contrives to be a miniature Grove's Dictionary—all in words of one syllable or less, sometimes oversimplified, but seldom condescending. Who can resist even a hard subject like the organ, for instance, when he is introduced to it like this? "If you watch an organist at work, you may think he is playing dominoes, or running a switch-board, for he is constantly puling or turning over certain 'stops' and oblongs, inscribed like a Mah Jongg set." Or object to reading a press-agent for Bach as long as he fills his copy with anecdotes and puns? The copious illustrations mix "Boolah," "Three O'Clock in the Morning," and "Rock of Ages" casually enough with Verdi, Brahms, and Chopsticks; and identify "How Dry I Am" unmistakably with "Lead Kindly Light." This goes rather far, however, in the chapter of melodies arranged according to their beginning notes. It is too much like classifying all poems, plays, and novels by the first words of their first lines. But it does suggest the starting-point for a colossal job which some university class must undertake some day—an index of musical themes. Dr. Spaeth's book will not lack the enormous sale he planned for it among women's clubs and public schools. If he is very lucky he will succeed in persuading his thousands of readers to listen to the music first and the player second, and to like what they like instead of what they ought to like.

Moss from a Rolling Stone. By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts. E. P. Dutton & Company. $3.50.

This particular stone has rolled through Germany, Russia, England, America, Africa, and the Near East, and is still budging. But it has operated on the principle more of the snowball than of the proverbial boulder, for it has gathered unto itself a sparkling wealth of anecdote and information. The author's own wide experience has been eked out by a seemingly inexhaustible store of family tradition. Thus Mr. Hodgetts is able to command a broad scope in time as well as in space. Russia under Alexander II, Alexander III, and Nicholas II, France under the Empire and under the Republic, Germany under Bismarck and Wilhelm II, Armenia, and Africa are as familiar to his pen as are the quaint celebrities of his London club. And his pen is always the crisp, facile tool of the "born

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journalist" Pulitzer proclaimed him to be. The result is a combination of "Barnum" and "The Education of Henry Adams": first-rate entertainment mingled with material of distinct historical value.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers its fifth annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest follow:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Monday, December 1, and not later than Wednesday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 11, 1925.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Drama

The Utopia of Gallants

NONE of the offerings of a busy week so excited the imagination of the present writer as the audacious attempt made by the group at the Cherry Lane Theater to revive upon their tiny stage "The Way of the World," one of the greatest and yet one of the most remote of English comedies. No other drama requires of both actors and audience so delicate a perception of an artificial style as the drama of the Restoration, and no other Restoration play is quite as difficult as this one. The bitter strength of Wycherley would defy any performance to conceal its effectiveness, and the boisterous fun of Farquhar needs only high spirits to set it off, but to undertake Congreve's masterpiece—that is boldness indeed. Even the actors of his own day, disciplined for two generations in the tradition of which it is the final flower, could not quite reach the perfection of impudent grace which it demands, and the play, though perfect enough to sustain for its author a continuous fame through the twenty unproductive years which followed its writing, hardly succeeded upon the stage.

For forty years before it was written the English theater had been, as it never was before or since, the exclusive possession of an idle aristocracy, and the genius of its dramatic writers was devoted to no other task than that of mirroring as best it could the riotous carnival into which the return of the Merry Monarch had plunged his court. John Dryden and Aphra Behn

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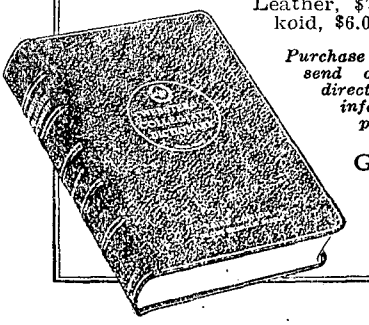

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PAUL LAFARGUE'S Social and Philosophical Studies, tenth edition just ready, consists of a series of keenly critical studies of the causes of belief in God and in such abstract ideas as justice and goodness. The author points out that in capitalist countries the "good" man is the man with the "goods"—that there seems to be a necessary connection between virtue and property. Cloth, 60c postpaid; also at same price the author's later book, **The Origin and Evolution of the Idea of the Soul.** Ask for book catalog.
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flattered the grossness of its taste, William Wycherley mercilessly exposed their vices while he seemed to pander to them, but in William Congreve the age found a man who could turn its life into a conventional pattern, extract the quintessence of its gaiety, and present upon the stage a gallants' Utopia, purged of the ugliness and cruelty which are the necessary result of an attempt like that which the people of his time made to realize it upon earth but perfect in the world of pure imagination.

Like most of his contemporaries, Congreve had no faith in man or woman. When he says in one of the songs which he scatters through his plays:

> He alone won't betray in whom none will confide
> And the nymph may be chaste that has never been tried

he meant what he said. But if he judged from the world which he saw about him that virtue did not exist, he still believed in grace and he created an artificial world in which grace alone counted. He made no attempt to hide the fact that the persons of his comedy were utterly cold and utterly selfish; he even accepted the Restoration tradition that obscenity alone was the proper material for wit; but he gave to both his people and his epigrams a polish so exquisite that perversity of subject is lost in perfection of manner and exquisite gestures of mind and body alone remain. In real life men flirt and plot in order that they may obtain their desires, and thus mind is the servant of body, but in Congreve the situation is reversed; his people have bodies and bodily desires only that they may give occasion for the wit and intrigue which for them alone exists. No one (I would swear to it) in all his plays really cares to bring the mistress he is courting or the wife he is seducing bodily to bed; for no one of them has any existence save when he is sparkling and flashing in the public eye. Restoration love was a game not infrequently played with heartless brutality, but Congreve purified it, not by endowing it with either nobility or kindness, but by transferring it wholly to the realm of the mind and setting it to work upon fantastic creatures without bodies to be soiled or hearts to be wounded.

Doubtless if one is to appreciate to any great extent the performance at Cherry Lane one needs to bring a good deal with him. The best production in the world could not make the delights of the play comprehensible to one who knew nothing of the long tradition which it perfects. The production at the Cherry Lane is not the best in the world, but it is good enough and honest enough to make it emphatically worth the while of any person with the slightest taste for one of the most exquisite creations of the past to seize the opportunity, not often afforded, of seeing Mirabell and Millamant step upon an actual stage. Fortunately Miss Bryan, who is intrusted with the impersonation of the latter character, is extremely good and comes near to accomplishing the superhuman task of bodying forth the character who is the greatest triumph of this play as the play is the the greatest triumph of the tradition it represents. What Beatrice is to the age of Elizabeth Millamant is to the Restoration—the highest embodiment of the charm of feminine perversity. To Miss Bryan and to Mr. Rainey, who plays opposite her, should go no little credit for the skill with which they carry out the bargaining scene—for that scene stands at the very summit of English comedy.

The remainder of the week's offerings at the various theaters were diverse and not without interest. At the Princess Theater was produced "The Steam Roller," an amusing but by no means perfect satire on the managing woman, admirably acted by Janet Beecher; at the Frazee a spectacular melodrama called "Shipwrecked," and at the National "Silence," an ingenious crook-play; while at the Martin Beck "Madame Pompadour," a gorgeous musical comedy which delights the eye and at least mildly entertains the ear, began its career. Moreover, M. Gemier and his Odéon Company presented a series of plays of somewhat unequal merit but all admirably acted in a finished, realistic manner, thus proving what several seasons of American audiences have been led to doubt—that France can still produce excellent actors.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Shall We Commit Suicide?

By WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

SHORTLY before the opening of the recent British electoral campaign Winston Churchill, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, war-time Minister of Munitions and post-war Secretary of State for War and Secretary of State for Air, published in *Nash's Pall Mall Magazine* (London) for September 24, 1924, the following brilliant article. It is possible that participation in a Tory Ministry may somewhat modify his views on the League.

The story of the human race is war. Except for brief and precarious interludes, there has never been peace in the world; and before history began murderous strife was universal and unending. But up to the present time the means of destruction at the disposal of man have not kept pace with his ferocity. Reciprocal extermination was impossible in the Stone Age. One cannot do much with a clumsy club. Besides, men were so scarce and hid so well that they were hard to find. They fled so fast that they were hard to catch. Human legs could only cover a certain distance each day. With the best will in the world to destroy his species, each man was restricted to a very limited area of activity. It was impossible to make any effective progress on these lines. Meanwhile one had to live and hunt and sleep. So on the balance the life-forces kept a steady lead over the forces of death, and gradually tribes, villages, and governments were evolved.

The effort at destruction then entered upon a new phase. War became a collective enterprise. Roads were made which facilitated the movement of large numbers of men. Armies were organized. Many improvements in the apparatus of slaughter were devised. In particular the use of metal, and above all steel, for piercing and cutting human flesh opened out a promising field. Bows and arrows, slings, chariots, horses, and elephants lent a valuable assistance. But here again another set of checks began to operate. The governments were not sufficiently secure. The armies were liable to violent internal disagreements. It was extremely difficult to feed large numbers of men once they were concentrated, and consequently the efficiency of the efforts at destruction became fitful and was tremendously hampered by defective organization. Thus again there was a balance on the credit side of life. The world rolled forward, and human society entered upon a vaster and more complex age.

It was not until the dawn of the twentieth century of the Christian era that war really began to enter into its kingdom as the potential destroyer of the human race. The organization of mankind into great states and empires and the rise of nations to full collective consciousness enabled enterprises of slaughter to be planned and executed upon a scale with a perseverance never before imagined. All the noblest virtues of individuals were gathered together to strengthen the destructive capacity of the mass. Good finances, the resources of world-wide credit and trade, the accumulation of large capital reserves, made it possible to divert for considerable periods the energies of whole peoples to the task of devastation. Democratic institutions gave expression to the will power of millions. Education not only brought the course of the conflict within the comprehension of everyone, but rendered each person serviceable in a high degree for the purpose in hand. The press afforded a means of unification and of mutual encouragement; religion, having discreetly avoided conflict on the fundamental issues, offered its encouragements and consolations, through all its forms, impartially to all the combatants. Lastly, science unfolded her treasures and her secrets to the desperate demands of men and placed in their hands agencies and apparatus almost decisive in their character.

In consequence many novel features presented themselves. Instead of merely starving fortified towns whole nations were methodically subjected, or sought to be subjected, to the process of reduction by famine. The entire population in one capacity or another took part in the war; all were equally the object of attack. The air opened paths along which death and terror could be carried far behind the lines of the actual armies, to women, children, the aged, the sick, who in earlier struggles would perforce have been left untouched. Marvelous organization of railroads, steamships, and motor vehicles placed and maintained tens of millions of men continuously in action. Healing and surgery in their exquisite developments returned them again and again to the shambles. Nothing was wasted that could contribute to the process of waste. The last dying kick was brought into military utility.

But all that happened in the four years of the Great War was only a prelude to what was preparing for the fifth year. The campaign of the year 1919 would have witnessed an immense accession to the power of destruction. Had the Germans retained the morale to make good their retreat to the Rhine, they would have been assaulted in the summer of 1919 with forces and by methods incomparably more prodigious than any yet employed. Thousands of aeroplanes would have shattered their cities. Scores of thousands of cannon would have blasted their front. Arrangements were being made to carry simultaneously a quarter of a million men, together with all their requirements, continuously forward across country in mechanical vehicles moving ten or fifteen miles each day. Poison gases of incredible malignity, against which only a secret mask (which the Germans could not obtain in time) was proof, would have stifled all resistance and paralyzed all life on the hostile front subjected to attack. No doubt the Germans too had their plans. But the hour of wrath had passed. The signal of relief was given, and the horrors of 1919 remain buried in the archives of the great antagonists.

The war stopped as suddenly and as universally as it had begun. The world lifted its head, surveyed the scene of ruin, and victors and vanquished alike drew breath. In a hundred laboratories, in a thousand arsenals, factories, and bureaus men pulled themselves up with a jerk, turned from the task in which they had been absorbed. Their projects were put aside unfinished, unexecuted; but their knowledge was preserved; their data, calculations, and discoveries were hastily bundled together and docketed "for future reference" by the war offices in every country. The campaign of 1919 was never fought; but its ideas go marching along. In every army they are being explored, elaborated, refined under the surface of peace, and should war come again to the world it is not with the weapons and agencies prepared for 1919 that it will be fought but with developments and extensions of these which will be incomparably more formidable and fatal.

It is in these circumstances that we have entered upon that period of exhaustion which has been described as peace. It gives us at any rate an opportunity to consider the general situation. Certain somber facts emerge solid, inexorable, like the shapes of mountains from drifting mist. It is established that henceforward whole populations will take part in war, all doing their utmost, all subjected to the fury of the enemy. It is established that nations who believe their life is at stake will not be restrained from using any means to secure their existence. It is probable—nay, certain—that among the means which will next time be at their disposal will be agencies and processes of destruction wholesale, unlimited, and perhaps, once launched, uncontrollable.

Mankind has never been in this position before. Without having improved appreciably in virtue or enjoying wiser guidance, it has got into its hands for the first time the tools by which it can unfailingly accomplish its own extermination. That is the point in human destinies to which all the glories and toils

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of men have at last led them. They would do well to pause and ponder upon their new responsibilities. Death stands at attention, obedient, expectant, ready to serve, ready to shear away the peoples en masse; ready if called on, to pulverize, without hope of repair, what is left of civilization. He awaits only the word of command. He awaits it from a frail, bewildered being, long his victim, now—for one occasion only—his master.

Let it not be thought for a moment that the danger of another explosion in Europe is passed. For the time being the stupor and the collapse which followed the World War insured a sullen passivity, and the horror of war, its carnage and its tyrannies, have sunk into the soul, have dominated the mind of every class and in every race. But the causes of war have been in no way removed; indeed they are in some respects aggravated by the so-called peace treaty and the reactions following thereupon. Two mighty branches of the European family will never rest content with their existing situation. Russia, stripped of her Baltic provinces, will, as the years pass by, brood incessantly upon the wars of Peter the Great. From one end of Germany to the other an intense hatred of France unites the whole population. This passion is fanned continuously by the action of the French Government. The enormous contingents of German youth growing to military manhood year by year are inspired by the fiercest sentiments, and the soul of Germany smolders with dreams of a war of liberation or revenge. These ideas are restrained at the present moment only by physical impotence. France is armed to the teeth. Germany has been to a great extent disarmed and her military system broken up. The French hope to preserve this situation by their technical military apparatus, by their black troops, and by a system of alliances with the smaller states of Europe; and for the present, at any rate, overwhelming force is on their side. But physical force alone, unsustained by world opinion, affords no durable foundation for security. Germany is a far stronger entity than France, and cannot be kept in permanent subjugation.

"Wars," said a distinguished American to me last summer, "are fought with steel; weapons may change, but steel remains the core of all modern warfare. France has got the steel of Europe, and Germany has lost it. Here, at any rate, is an element of permanency." "Are you sure," I asked, "that wars of the future will be fought with steel?" A few weeks later I talked with a German. "What about aluminum?" he replied. "Some think," he said, "that the next war will be fought with electricity." And on this a vista opens out of electrical rays which could paralyze the engines of a motor car, could claw down aeroplanes from the sky, and conceivably be made destructive of human life or human vision. Then there are explosives. Have we reached the end? Has science turned its last page on them? May there not be methods of using explosive energy incomparably more intense than anything heretofore discovered? Might not a bomb no bigger than an orange be found to possess a secret power to destroy a whole block of buildings—nay, to concentrate the force of a thousand tons of cordite and blast a township at a stroke? Could not explosives even of the existing type be guided automatically in flying machines by wireless or other rays, without a human pilot, in ceaseless procession upon a hostile city, arsenal, camp, or dockyard?

As for poison gas and chemical warfare in all its forms, only the first chapter has been written of a terrible book. Certainly every one of these new avenues to destruction is being studied on both sides of the Rhine, with all the science and patience of which man is capable. And why should it be supposed that these resources will be limited to inorganic chemistry? A study of disease—of pestilences methodically prepared and deliberately launched upon man and beast—is certainly being pursued in the laboratories of more than one great country. Blight to destroy crops, anthrax to slay horses and cattle, plague to poison not armies only but whole districts—such are the lines along which military science is remorselessly advancing.

It is evident that whereas an equally contested war under such conditions might work the ruin of the world and cause an immeasurable diminution of the human race, the possession by one side of some overwhelming scientific advantage would lead to the complete enslavement of the unwary party. Not only are the powers now in the hand of man capable of destroying the life of nations but for the first time they afford to one group of civilized men the opportunity of reducing their opponents to absolute helplessness.

In barbarous times superior martial virtues—physical strength, courage, skill, discipline—were required to secure such a supremacy; and in the hard evolution of mankind the best and fittest stocks came to the fore. But no such saving guaranty exists today. There is no reason why a base, degenerate, immoral race should not make an enemy far above them in quality the prostrate subject of their caprice or tyranny, simply because they happened to be possessed at a given moment of some new death-dealing or terror-working process and were ruthless in its employment. The liberties of men are no longer to be guarded by their natural qualities but by their dodges; and superior virtue and valor may fall an easy prey to the latest diabolical trick.

In the somber paths of destructive science there was one new turning-point which seemed to promise a corrective to these mortal tendencies. It might have been hoped that the electromagnetic waves would in certain scales be found capable of detonating explosives of all kinds from a great distance. Were such a process discovered in time to become common property, war would in important respects return again to the crude but healthy limits of the barbarous ages. The sword, the spear, the bludgeon, and above all *the fighting man*, would regain at a bound their old sovereignty. But it is depressing to learn that the categories into which these rays are divided are now so fully explored that there is not much expectation of this. All the hideousness of the explosive era will continue; and to it will surely be added the gruesome complications of poison and of pestilence scientifically applied.

Such, then, is the peril with which mankind menaces itself. Means of destruction incalculable in their effects, wholesale and frightful in their character, and unrelated to any form of human merit: the march of science unfolding ever more appalling possibilities; and the fires of hatred burning deep in the hearts of some of the greatest peoples of the world, fanned by continual provocation and unceasing fear and fed by the deepest sense of national wrong or national danger! On the other hand, there is the blessed respite of exhaustion, offering to the nations a final chance to control their destinies and avert what may well be a general doom. . . .

Against the gathering but still distant tempest the League of Nations, deserted by the United States, scorned by Soviet Russia, flouted by Italy, distrusted equally by France and Germany, raises feebly but faithfully its standards of sanity and hope. Its structure, airy and unsubstantial, framed of shining but too often visionary idealism, is in its present form incapable of guarding the world from its dangers and of protecting mankind from itself. Yet it is through the League of Nations alone that the path to safety and salvation can be found. To sustain and aid the League of Nations is the duty of all. To reinforce it and bring it into vital and practical relation with actual world-politics by sincere agreements and understandings between the great Powers, between the leading races, should be the first aim of all who wish to spare their children torments and disasters compared to which those we have suffered will be but a pale preliminary.

In the article on Russia's Industrial Progress, by Leon Talmy, in last week's International Relations Section, it should have been stated that during the first eleven months of the fiscal year 1923-1924 the exports amounted to 304,700,000 rubles and the imports to 181,600,000 rubles as contrasted with an excess of imports over exports in 1922-1923. This accounted for the favorable balance of trade alluded to.

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